

Stewart Clark



By S.E.S.C.


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STEWART CLARK:

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

BY

S. E. S. C.
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"Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains
Like good Aurelius, let him reign
Or bleed like Socrates,
That man is great indeed."

POPE.



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TO THE UNDYING LOVE
OF
STEWART CLARK,
BY "HER" WHO THINKS
TO BE ONE OF "NATURE'S NOBLEMEN"
IS A FAR HIGHER HONOUR THAN ANY
TITLE OF DISTINCTION IN THE BESTOWAL OF
KING OR KAISER.

PREFACE.



WHO has not felt, when the long companionship of years has ended, and "one has been taken and the other left," an aching void, and an all-powerful determination that it shall not be, as the common saying hath it, "Out of sight out of mind"? And though, as the poet Campbell truly says, "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," yet one wants more tangible realistic proof that they lived and walked and talked with us on this earth. How many are the ways we poor mortals devise for remembrance! Only, however, to the rich is given the power to erect costly monuments, beautiful windows, lovely fountains, etc. And, after all, the generality of people only gaze on these as "things of

beauty," and seldom ask the reason why they are so placed, or for what particular object. But windows are liable to break and monuments to decay and become only wrecks of the past. *Littera scripta manet* ("the written word remains"), or, as Lord Dufferin has so graphically expressed, in his most exquisite memoir of his mother, "A book once published has put on the robe of immortality." There are so many delightful biographies nowadays, acceptable alike to those who knew the subjects of them and those who did not. To quote one charming record by Augustus Hare: "And there is one rare strange virtue in these memoirs: the secret of their bewitchment—they are short."

Mrs. Duncan Stewart! I never met her face to face, yet, after reading this book, I feel as if I had known her quite well, and that she was a congenial spirit.

Still another testimony is given by Johnson of this form of remembrance—in writing to a friend who had lost his mother

at an advanced age, and with whom he had lived from infancy to middle life : “Mezzo cammin di nostra vita !” “The business of life summons us away from useless tears, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. (The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is to guard and incline and elevate his virtues.) There is one expedient by which you may in some degree continue her presence : If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing consolation when time shall remove her yet further from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful in the present, I cannot but advise you as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come.”

Following this good counsel given by the stern moralist, I shall endeavour to

record as many incidents of a noble life (known, indeed, to few) as were told to me in the gloaming, from the lips of one whose like I shall never see again, and though

“ . . . imperial was the palace of his life,
With memory I may roam its chambers
yet.”

S. E. S. C.

PART I.

“Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun, he awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around, trees shake their heads to the winds. He looks back with joy on the day of the sun and the pleasant dreams of his rest. When shall Ossian’s youth return? when his ear delight in the sound of arms? When shall I, like Ossian, travel in the light of my steel? Come with your streams, ye hills of Cona; listen to the voice of Ossian. The song rises like the sun in my soul; I feel the joys of other times.”—OSSIAN.

“When I roved a young Highlander o’er
the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Mor-
ven of Snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered
beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered
below,
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy
grew.”

BYRON.

STEWART CLARK.

STEWART CLARK was the last of his race ! All his brothers and sisters, his dearly loved American cousins, Andrew and William Clark, all "gone before." Therefore there is no one to take exception to anything recorded in these pages. And indeed, though my earthly possessions are few, I have that one considered by Goethe the most priceless of any—"a heart careless alike of the praise or blame of the crowd." True there is a second or even third generation, but their opinion I should certainly not stoop to consider in the very slightest degree. "*Fragili quærens illidere deutem offurdet solido*," says Horace. None of his sons or nephews could do the "golden deeds" he did ! Nathless they have time before them—for what ?

“They know not till they try,
But something nobler than to live and
die.”

It is George Eliot who tells us that what makes life dreary is want of motive. “Yes,” she adds, “a great deal of the dreariness of life is due to having no aim in it, no motive for what we do, no goal for which to struggle, but simply an existence during which we work because we are compelled to do so, not because we take the least interest in it.” Therefore to the rising race I would say, in the words of the good old proverb, “Wish for a gown o’ gold, and ye’ll aye get a sleeve o’ it.”

It is the prevailing way of biographers to devote a chapter to the ancestors and ancestresses of the hero or heroine whose life they wish to record. I invariably skip those details, and will do to others as I would have them do to me. But no account of Stewart Clark could possibly

be given without a memoir of the beloved mother, whom he almost idolized to the last day of his life. "Mothers have God's sanction to be canonized," says Mrs. Browning.

In a very ancient family Bible, printed at least two hundred years ago, there is this entry on the first page: "Andrew Clark and Margaret Watson, married February 12, 1807" (the father and mother of Stewart Clark). The latter was born at Braemar, Aberdeenshire, on March 12, 1784. She was therefore three and twenty at the time of her marriage, fair, with hazel eyes and brown hair, a most intelligent countenance, good figure, though rather *petite* than tall. Andrew Clark was about thirty-two when he married, and died in 1831 in the prime of life, so that they were only twenty-four years together. During that time they had four sons and three daughters. One of the latter died in infancy. The eldest son, Charles, died from consumption at the

early age of seven and twenty ; the third son, James, was a sailor, and died at sea on his way home from Madras in 1845. George Clark and Stewart Clark, the eldest, or rather second, and youngest, were the only sons who survived their father and mother. The two daughters married well and had families, but there is nothing of any interest to record concerning them, so let me not fall into the way of tedious details about relations and antecedents I have condemned so frequently myself in other biographies.

Andrew Clark rented a place called Invergalder, in Crathie, Aberdeenshire, and there Stewart Clark was born in 1814. He was greatly attached to his birthplace, and loved to dwell on all the scenes of his childhood and boyhood, for he did indeed roam unquestioned and seemingly monarch of all he surveyed. How different to what it is in 1897 ! Crathie was a very remote unknown region *then*, but *now*, being close to Balmoral, the Queen's favourite

residence, all that part of Scotland is better known than any in the world.

Invergalder was a large farm, principally managed by Mrs. Clark, as Andrew Clark and his brother William were builders and architects by profession, and there is many a kirk and mansion still standing as testimonies to their skill. Andrew Clark was one of those hearty kind of men, "hail fellow well met" with every one. He would give his time and labour to anybody who asked him without regard to payment or profit. Such men are said to be no one's enemy but their own. However that may be, when he died his wife was left as penniless as Sydney Cooper R.A. describes his mother to have been in his delightful reminiscences, with an immense load of debt and responsibility besides. As the villagers had such an immense idea of the business qualifications of Andrew Clark, they used to entrust him with their small savings, and he gave them good interest thereon.

Stewart Clark was very good looking as a little boy. Old ladies made much of the "bonnie laddie," and used to praise him to his mother before his face, which provoked her to saying in her quaint way, "Oh, he's just as the Almighty made him!"

When sailing on the seas as surgeon of the ship, he was called "the handsome doctor," and he retained his good looks in old age, having one personal charm, an immense quantity of hair, a chestnut-brown in manhood and silvery white at the last. He presented me with a beautiful chain made of it when we first married, and now the silver lock remains with me for evermore. He was named Stewart after his aunt, Mrs. Stewart, his mother's sister. She was also a wonderful woman, and rented Balmoral from Sir Robert Gordon. It was then only like any ordinary gentleman's country residence, and Andrew Clark was allowed to shoot and fish over the estate. He was a man of varied attainments, but suffered severely from rheumatic

gout, and died comparatively early, when Stewart Clark was seventeen years old. Andrew Clark never took the least interest in his children, and if it had not been for his mother, Stewart Clark might have turned out something very different to what he was ; and though she used to punish her boys severely when they did wrong, she entered into all their pursuits, and they consulted her in their difficulties of every description. It is a curious fact that, though their father never punished them they did not care for him. On one occasion he found them with birches in their hands (for she even had the power to make them get the instruments of torture for themselves), waiting for their mother's punishment. "Ye gowks !" he said, "run away ;" and they certainly followed his advice then and there.

Andrew Clark was a genius with all his shortcomings, and invented several useful things, such as a plough, long used in those parts ; and in the "Deeside Guide,"

published in 1877, there is this paragraph :
“ A little after you pass Cairnaghene ”
(this is the slogan or watchword of this part of the country, and the place where on, any alarm being given, the inhabitants used to meet for their place of rendezvous),
“ a little further you come to a smithy, which I would not have mentioned had it not been for a singular curiosity which formerly was here ; this was a water-wheel. Singular to relate, it was the only one driven by the water of Dee in the whole of its course, which can be little less than near one hundred miles. The wheel turned a turning-lathe and cutler’s wheel. The whole was the invention of Andrew Clark. The chief peculiarity of its construction was that it could be raised or lowered at pleasure to suit the ebbing and flowing of the river.”
Stewart Clark also, like his father, invented many useful things when in India, particularly when he was Postmaster-General, North-West Provinces : a puzzling lock, to prevent the natives tampering with the

letters (this, I understand, is in use at the present time); likewise a particular kind of bed when he was Inspector-General of Prisons, and an ambulance. It seemed almost as if everything he attempted he did well. His father was too indolent to teach him himself, but his uncle William gave him lessons in architecture; and as a boy he was fond of watching the carpenters and blacksmiths about Crathie in the exercise of their crafts, and all this varied knowledge stood him in good stead in the course of his Indian career.

Though so different, his father and mother seem to have been devotedly attached to each other, and Stewart Clark retained one very charming picture of their life at Invergalder. At that time the *Waverley* novels were appearing in monthly parts, and when Andrew Clark went to Aberdeen, he used to return with some of these stories for all time, and in the cold winter evenings his mother, who was never for a moment idle, used to sit

spinning beside the blazing ingle and his father read aloud to her. Stewart Clark being also in the room, he particularly remembers his father reading out "The Black Dwarf," and of his fright lest he should meet that awful person on the way to bed. So vivid is the description that it seemed reality to him. Yes, certainly his mother loved her husband passionately, though he left her so cruelly unprovided at his death. For on the day of his funeral she said to her young son, "If it was any use, how willingly we would dig him up again!" His death was very sudden, and without any previous warning.

After the boys were a little older, an old captain, who had lost his leg at Waterloo, used to stay with them at Invergalder, and acted the part of tutor. He had a wonderful memory, and enthralled their young minds by relating in the long winter evenings the "Arabian Nights" tales, word for word. Unfortunately he had the prevailing weakness of this cold northern

climate—he was too fond of whisky. He was a first-class mathematician and good linguist. They were all very fond of him. At last he went to Aberdeen, and must have perished on the road in the intense cold. At any rate, they never heard of him again.

The burning of the Balacbouie Forest was one of the great events that took place while Stewart Clark was with his grandmother, Mrs. Watson, at Braemar. He and his brother went up to the top of Lochnaghar, and never forgot the blazing sight. The burning of the city of Agra reminded Stewart Clark somewhat of this early bonfire. A curious circumstance occurred with regard to this event. A man came to his grandmother's cottage late at night at this time, and called out loudly to her. She opened the window, and he told her she must come down and give him something to eat, which she did. Then he said she must give him some money as he must leave the country by daylight, for he had set fire to the Balacbouie Forest.

She gave him all the spare money she possessed in the invariable stocking of those days, which, however, only amounted to £5. Years after he returned a rich man, and wanted her to accept £50, but she would only take the £5. It was supposed the man had done it from some spite he had to the Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld of that time. The fire went on smouldering for nearly a year, and never went out all that time. Mr. Roy, the factor of Invercauld, was in a great state of mind about it, and Stewart Clark's father was consulted by him on the matter. He advised him to do nothing absolutely, but let it die out of itself. The fishes in the rivers all died. Such a circumstance has never been known before or since.

Another event of Stewart Clark's boyhood was the great floods of 1829. They are most wonderfully described in a book by Sir Thomas Dick Lander—a very rare work; but I was able to secure a copy,

and it was almost the last book in which Stewart Clark took any interest. "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." The damage done to Lord Fife's estate in Braemar was estimated at £10,000; and every one lost everything, as far as I can make out, and had to begin again, very much like we poor sufferers of 1857 in India!

The most severe winter ever known in Scotland was in 1824, when Stewart Clark and his eldest brother George were staying with their grandmother, Mrs. Watson, at Braemar, to be near the village school at Castleton; and though that was only about a hundred yards from her dwelling, they had to be carried on men's shoulders, for the snow was as high as the houses. The deer used to come down from the forests in hundreds—tall stags so tamed with famine that they would eat anything out of the hand, and potato-peelings out of the buckets at the doors of the cottages! When food supplies were wanted of any

sort, and tobacco, etc., men went in parties, afraid to go alone. No railways then, of course, and carriers were not able to go to and fro in the snow. These two boys going together to the village school puts me somewhat in mind of Carlyle's "two famous boys;" the one became factor to Lord Fife, the other held at different times the highest appointments—Post-Master-General and Inspector-General of Prisons and Dispensaries, North-West Provinces of India. It is only necessary to add that, though George Clark was a faithful steward to his master, his private affairs when he died were very much the same as those of his father. Stewart Clark lost an extremely large sum of money by his brother, for he nobly did not put forth his claim; and thus the estate was saved from bankruptcy, and George Clark went to his last resting-place attended by about two hundred people, all believing in his wealth and integrity.

When Stewart Clark was about twelve,

he went to the Craithie school. Mr. Stewart, the schoolmaster, was a very clever man, and took a great fancy to the young boy. His mother used to teach herself Latin in order to help him in his lessons at night! She encouraged him to be dux of his class by the promise of a watch. He won that watch, and prized it highly for many years. An incident that occurred in his father's lifetime reminds one of something similar in Goethe's relations with his beloved mother. Stewart Clark was passionately fond of shooting, and also fishing, from his earliest years. On one occasion he had taken out his father's gun and broken it. There was a catastrophe! but his mother comforted him, and bade him take it to his brother Charles, who was very skilful in such matters. He soon restored the gun to its pristine perfection, and his father never found out the "odd trick." Many a substantial gift of meal, cheese, and poultry did his mother make him take to Mr.

Stewart, she was so grateful to him for the pains he took with her boy. But he was not the only recipient of her bounty, for she was very charitable, and could never turn away a beggar from her door.

When he was between fourteen and fifteen, Stewart Clark went to Mareschall College, in Aberdeen. He lived in lodgings with Murdock Stewart, brother of his old schoolmaster. He was very much older than Stewart Clark, and worked hard to obtain a bursary, as he was nearly penniless. Poor fellow, he failed, and in his despair was going to drown himself near "Byron's Brig," as it is called; but Stewart Clark ran after him, and successfully pulled him away from the temptation. He tried again another year, and succeeded. The lodgings were opposite or near Professor Macpherson's abode (Greek professor at the college). He was a very tall, handsome man, and his wife was a nice little woman. Stewart Clark never forgot their kindness to him in those early days.

Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Life of Edward Irving," has well described the perfect freedom and uncontrolled position of the young boys of that day in Scotland. She says, "Young lads of thirteen or fifteen were left entirely, for six months at a stretch, to manage their own education, without tutors, without any stimulus to exertion, but that to be received in the emulation of the classroom, or from their books and their own ambition." The manner in which the little establishment was kept was wonderfully primitive. Now and then Stewart Clark received a box from Invergalder by John Lamond the carrier (who lived to a hundred years of age), full of oatmeal, cheese, and other necessities of food, and doubtless many another trifle to mark his mother's loving care, and his linen was conveyed backwards and forwards to the home laundry by the same means. Alas! those days have departed for ever, and porridge even in Scotch families no longer exists

—tea-drinking universal with high and low.

Stewart Clark was very fond of his uncle William, his father's only brother. He lived at Penicuick, not far from Crathie. He was a sort of universal genius, something like his nephew in after-life ; a first-rate mechanic as well as architect, and many a good watch and clock was the work of his hands amongst the villagers. He was also a great favourite with the boy Byron, and it is to be regretted there is no written record of his intercourse. He liked to supply him with flies of his own manufacture for fishing. One interesting fact is remembered, that his uncle William used to positively declare that the Mary mentioned in Byron's poems, called "Hours of Idleness," was not Mary Duff, as generally supposed, but a Mary Robertson who lived in a place called Garnshill, near the foot of Morven. The Robertsons were of good family, and Byron used often to go to Garnshill to fish

in the Gairn, and often talked of his lady love, being a very precocious boy.

William Clark possessed a wonderful gun, called the "Evicker;" it could carry at least twenty miles. The lock, which was a very curious one, is now in the new Spalding Club, Edinburgh. The gun originally belonged to the last of the freebooters, or the "Caterine," as they are called in Gaelic. He lived and died in a cave in the rock of the Chuny. Like his race, he took vengeance into his own hands. The then reigning laird of Invercauld had provoked him to wrath in so many ways, that one dark night, when there was a light in the window of the laird's bedroom, revealing his enemy, he immediately fired at him. Fortunately for the laird, he only shot off one of his hands. He was, no doubt, secretly supported by friends, for he lived and died in the cave unmolested.



PART II.

“ I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing ;
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light ;
When all was beauty, then have I
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung,
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain.
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured her low and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.”

“ He turned him round about and said,
‘ Scorn na at thy mither.
Light luvcs ye may hae mony an ain,
Mither ne'er anither.’ ”

Old Ballad.

“ A mother is a mother still, the holiest
thing alive.”

COLERIDGE.

FEW women have had such a reputation for goodness as the mother of Stewart Clark. High and low, rich and poor, all combined in esteeming her many virtues and good qualities. Solomon's description of a perfect woman is the only one that seems adequate to convey any idea of her life and character. She did indeed "seek wool and flax, and work willingly with her hands." Up in the morning at 5 a.m., summer and winter, with her handmaidens—for such they were, unlike and of a very different make to our modern servants. She and they spun every article of clothing worn by her sons, all the linen used in the establishment, and even the carpets of the house. It almost looks incredible in these days, when a hand-made article is set down as a thing apart and requiring extra payment, on the supposition that it will last

longer than machine-work, and be altogether more satisfactory. She died the year before he married, and his young wife was almost like Ayesha, who was jealous of Mahomet's loving memory of Cadijah. "Ayesha was piqued one day at hearing him indulge in these fond recollections. 'Oh, apostle of God,' demanded the youthful beauty, 'was not Cadijah stricken in years? has not Allah given thee a better wife in her stead?' 'Never!' exclaimed Mahomet, with an honest burst of feeling. 'Never did God give me a better! When I was poor she enriched me, when I was pronounced a liar she believed in me, when I was opposed by all the world she remained true to me.'"

So many men have felt the same veneration for their mothers' memories. Charles Gounod begins his book "My mother;" and nothing can be more touching than his last memory of her, and exactly what Stewart Clark would have echoed of his mother—"She sleeps beneath a stone as simple as

her blameless life had been. May this tribute from the son she loved so tenderly form a more imperishable crown than the wreaths of fading immortelles he laid upon her grave, and clothe her memory with a halo of reverence and respect he fain would have endure long after he himself is dead and gone."

The surprising way Mrs. Clark disentangled herself from all her pecuniary difficulties after her husband's death shows what a woman of sterling character and indomitable energy can perform. It reminds one of Johnson's remark when told of a lady of rank succumbing to the loss of her husband—"A washerwoman with nine children would not have died of grief." She obtained the management of the Invercauld Hotel from Mr. Roy, the factor and her very good friend. Invergalder was left, and her young son has often related to me the journey from thence to Castleton on foot. He accompanied his mother, leading a cow, too valuable to be left behind.

She was so universally respected by every one that she found no difficulty in borrowing a sum of money from a wealthy gentleman without interest, sufficient to pay all her liabilities. After many years she was quite free of debt, and saw her sons and daughters prospering, though she only lived to the age of seventy, whereas her sister, Mrs. Stewart, was over ninety when she died, in the possession of all her faculties, and with every tooth in her head. I have only heard of one woman besides who had this great blessing at the same age, namely Mrs. Bray, the authoress. Mrs. Stewart lived at Glenhourie in her latter days, and there Stewart Clark often visited her, after he had finished his medical education in Aberdeen, and passed the College of Surgeons in London and "walked" St. Thomas's Hospital.

Though Mrs. Clark had such an amount of debt to pay, there was a large sum of money owing to her husband by the then reigning Earl of Fife. He had been one

of George IV.'s boon companions, and nearly ruined by him, the consequence of which was in his old age he was quite in the other extreme, even carrying it so far as to gather sticks for his own fire in the winter, and that exertion made him so warm he did not light a fire afterwards. The last work Andrew Clark was executing for him was a design for the old lord's tomb. He had a fancy to be buried on the top of Ben Murick Dhui. His wish was never gratified, it is needless to say. But many other architectural works were finished and unpaid. Mrs. Clark naturally pressed her claims, but the old lord always persisted he had not the money. However, one day when George Clark was out shooting on Lochnagar, he was behind a clump of trees, concealed from view, and accidentally overheard a conversation between two men. They mentioned the fact that Lord Fife had a large sum of money in the bank at Aberdeen, adding further particulars. George Clark

immediately took advantage of the knowledge thus curiously obtained, went to the old lord, who was so dumfounded he had not a word to say, and the debt was paid. As before mentioned, Mrs. Clark cleared herself entirely, and actually had some hundreds saved, found at her death in the prevailing stocking, as she had no faith in banks or any public receptacle for savings.

Stewart Clark's third brother, before mentioned as going to sea at a very early age, was up to all manner of mischief in those days. It was the time of smugglers and smuggling, and nothing delighted him so much as misleading the Custom House officers. On one occasion, when the excise-men were very keenly on the scent, James Clark rolled a barrel up and down the hill, and for some distance led them a pretty dance, and when they came up to him at last, rolled it towards them, and they found it quite empty !

Stewart Clark was stricken with typhus fever a little before his father died, and he

owed his life to the great and unremitting care of his mother. For, though Dr. Robertson (afterwards the Queen's commissioner) was the doctor of the parish, she had very little opinion of his skill, and used to call him a "feckless body." The only surprising thing about him seems to be that, though he had never left his native heath, he was a perfect courtier in his manners and ways. When I made his acquaintance on my first visit to my husband's relations, this struck me much.

Some amusing incidents of that same visit rise up in memory. No doubt the Scotch are much more English in their talk now, as I have not visited Scotland for twenty years, and never intend to go there again. But at that time I was frequently puzzled. One afternoon I went out walking with my husband somewhere about the "Lion's Face," as it is called, and suddenly a surly-looking man appeared and said, "March." Stewart Clark immediately turned, but I stood speechless,

thinking what a poor spirit he showed to obey such a one. However, he dragged me back and told me that was the boundary-line, beyond which no stranger was allowed to pass.

One morning when I awoke there was a tremendous commotion on the roof of the house. On inquiring the reason why, I was told they were only putting a "pig" on the top! being interpreted, "chimney" pot. I was on another occasion asked about my voyage in the P. & O. They had heard they had a "piggery" of their own! "No doubt," I replied, "for the pork, hams, and bacon were extremely good to eat." At which reply my questioner stared, and, being interpreted, she meant the "crockery." Those were the days, too, when they asked if you did not mind a "shake down" and a "pig" in your bed! I heard such an excellent story there of men who had actually attained greatness without having a wonderful mother—like most great men have always!—I must

repeat it here. An old Scotchman was so pleased at the way his sons had risen in life that he was heard to say, "If I had kent that I should hae ane son a minister of the gospel, and anither a medical man, I wudna ha'e given them Jennie MacCosh for their mithers."

During the early years of the life at Invergalder there was a family residing near them who had a somewhat curious history. Two of the sons made their living as farmers, and there were two sisters who never married, but who bravely tried every means in their power to secure independence; and the remaining two sons went to seek their fortunes abroad. It may be imagined how poor they were when they walked the principal way to London, and while there slept under trees in Hyde Park. They worked their passage out either to Australia or America. In the early part of this century fortunes could be made in either of those countries; now let no young man go to either

country expecting any more luck than is to be obtained in England! After long years the brothers resolved to test the sincerity of family affection. They went to their brothers poorly clad and on foot, asking for hospitality. This was flatly denied them. They then assailed the two sisters, who were living together in a small cottage and had a little income, the result of their early labour. The women said they had not much to spare, but at any rate would give them food and shelter for the night. They left the next day, and soon after a fine carriage and pair drove up to the cottage. Two gentlemanly dressed men hailed the sisters, who were spell-bound in wonder and amazement at the metamorphosis in the appearance of their brothers. The two poor old women were kept in clover for the rest of their days, and the other two brothers cursed their stupidity, and not their hardness of heart, as they ought to have done.

Mrs. Clark used to take her children,

when they were quite young, in a country cart (agricultural barouche) to the Falls of the Garriwald, in the Balacbouie Forest. There were some mineral waters contained in what was called the "Lady's Well." She did not make them taste and try that, but provided gingerbeer of her own brewing, and for which she was as celebrated as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife was for her gooseberry wine. It is needless to say how they enjoyed themselves! A road was made to the well by Miss Farquharson, a sister of the wife of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. Of course that was when he was young and unknown. His mother-in-law did not approve of him, and was furious when he ran away with her daughter. She posted after them in hot haste, and when she arrived at the house they were in, she demanded the presence of Miss Farquharson. Sir Francis Grant opened the door and said, "There is no such person here, only Mrs. Grant." Her mother never saw her again until she was dying.

Miss Farquharson, who lived and died unmarried, must have been a woman of great taste and energy, for she originated many of the picturesque bridges and fog-houses—as they term a summerhouse in Scotland—still to be seen on the Invercauld estate and surrounding country.

How often we hear the expression, “Oh, it was bought for a mere song!” It is a very unjust way of putting it, as I know by experience. (S. E. S. C.’s songs have cost much more in the way of thought and feeling than any money could repay.)¹ Be that as it may, a song was the means of securing a large sum of money to those who greatly benefited thereby. A certain Peter Duncan, many a year ago, left his family at Crathie and went to India. He had studied for the medical profession, though he did not enter any service, but finally settled in Madras, and for years his family had no means of ascertaining whether he were dead or alive. They requested Stewart Clark to try and

find him out in one of his voyages. He succeeded in tracing him, and discovered a family who knew him intimately, but said he was dead and had left them money. This, however, they nobly resolved to give up if any of his relatives were to be found. Amongst the characteristics of the missing Peter, Stewart Clark mentioned a certain song he had sung "when his bosom's lord sat lightly on its "throne." He whistled the air, and the family immediately recognized it, and one and all exclaimed, "That was he!" The money was forthwith made over to the Duncans, and they thought it a great song of £ *s. d.* value, not a "mere song," ever afterwards. (I have often wished to find out what that wonderful song could have been, but was told the Indian Mutiny, that carried away every document, letter, and manuscript associated with Stewart Clark's early life, had borne that also quite out of sight and out of mind.) He was very musical before that period, and played the guitar far better than Regondi

or any professional. It was a very convenient instrument in his seafaring days or rather years, and it shows the perfection he must have attained when he played quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, etc., for the passengers, who were thus enabled to pass many a pleasant evening in the delightful mazes of the dance. (He was S. E. S. C.'s only master on the guitar, and, though a popular modern thinker gives as three excellent rules for guidance, "Never praise yourself, never run yourself down, never defend yourself," I cannot help breaking the first exordium by saying the master was rewarded in his pupil; many a pleasing, soothing hour "in the gloamin'" her singing afforded him. Ay de mi! few are the resources and alleviations of old age. As somebody truly says, "Though every old man has been young, and every young man hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from that odious

arrogance or exultation of youth and the irrational despondency and self-pity in age." It was on my side the great privilege to listen to his talk, which was indeed "far above singing.")

Mrs. Clark, amongst her varied attainments, was a most excellent correspondent. It is true her son wrote regularly to her every mail when in India, not being of the same stamp as that young officer of long ago, so amusingly caricatured in the Indian *Punch* of that period, who was represented saying to his Oriental official, "Baboo, write a letter to my mother," and of course that worthy's epistle began, "Honoured madam, this leaves me in good health; I hope you are the same." Mrs. Clark had that peculiar charm of letter-writing exactly as if she were speaking, recording every trifling incident, the most commonplace events of her daily life, making her son feel at home again! He ever considered the loss of her letters the greatest he experienced when, as he

used afterwards laughingly to assert, he had lost everything but his wife and his hat. He never kept any diaries in later life, except remarks on the weather and temperature, as meteorology was one of his favourite sciences. Mrs. Clark also highly prized her son's letters, always carrying the last one in her pocket, never laying it aside until she received another. Notwithstanding her troubles and worries and cares, Mrs. Clark had a true appreciation of humour; her laugh was hearty and contagious, and her son remembers how, when quite a boy, his head even then being filled with high and lofty thoughts concerning his future career, he said aloud abruptly, watching his mother at her busy wheel, "Indeed, I think Sir Stewart Clark would sound very well." Struck with the intense incongruity of the idea, for knight-hood in the early years of this century was truly considered the highest reward of merit, she laughed loud and long thereat, and was convulsed with laughter whenever

the thought recurred to her. And yet, as Mrs. Lynn Lytton has so graphically expressed in her admirable essay of "If and When," as ruling the destinies of most individuals, if Lord Canning had lived instead of dying "when" the tumult of battle was past, it would have been. Yet the only pleasure it could possibly have given him would have been to lay his honours at the feet of his beloved mother; and, as before mentioned, she died in 1854.

On one occasion Mrs. Clark excited merriment in *propria persona* without feeling it herself. Her son had brought one of his chums to stay with them in the shooting season, and as he was a sprig of nobility accustomed to high-born ladies dressed in silk and satin sheen, she thought she must do honour to her guest, and accordingly unearthed out of an ancient chest a magnificent brocaded gown, but, oh! the make of a far-gone period—so scanty in the skirt, and the bodice so short, and to be tied up under the arms, and thus

arrayed she descended to welcome the arrival of her guest.

When the young man in question beheld his hostess, after being introduced he speedily retreated to the open air, alike to retain his politeness and explode his laughter. There Stewart Clark found him, but all he could extract from the laughing youngster was "Your mother!" "Well, what of my mother?" At last he comprehended the matter, and hastened to assure his mother that the fashion of that splendid garment did not suit her as well as her ordinary attire. And as it was very uncomfortable, she, with her usual wisdom, laid it aside for ever and a day.

Mrs. Clark had a very pleasing voice, and sang plaintive Gaelic airs while busy spinning at her wheel. (Two of her favourites I have, but with English words, "Faer a bata" and "Gu ma slauachi mi." Truly no translation can ever give the full beauty of the original. Alas! how

feelingly I realize the pathos and undying grief expressed—

“ From the seaward summit peering,
Long I wait thy sail appearing.
Wilt thou come to-day, to-morrow,
Or nevermore to console my sorrow,
Sailor love ? ” etc.)

Stewart Clark was a good Gaelic scholar (indeed, it seems wonderful to me now how “one small head could carry all he knew”). After his father’s death his mother had to consider his future career ; he wished himself to be an architect, but she had had some talks with an old Superintending Surgeon, as they were styled formerly in India, and who made periodical visits to Braemar. He powerfully recommended her to make him a doctor. So Stewart Clark derived his first introduction to the healing art at Mareschall College, Aberdeen. The two or three years passed there as a medical student seem to have been very happy ones ; this manner of life

has been well described in "Aberdeen Doctors." There is also in that work a short memoir of Dr. Ewing, Stewart Clark's master, of whom he was very fond, and whose wise counsels were never forgotten. It is related of Dr. Ewing that the father of one of his class presented a turkey each Christmas to the doctor, which he acknowledged with thanks in public before his class. Be that as it may, Mrs. Clark used to send him venison and grouse at any time when she had the power of doing so, and for which he amply repaid her by the almost fatherly care he bestowed on her son. Medical students of every age and country have always been described as wild and enthusiastic. There is no difficulty in believing the story of the old English gentleman staying at the same hotel with Jenny Lind at Munich, in the zenith of her fame, and thinking the German students mad when they rushed into his bedroom—mistaking it for hers—tearing up the sheets into fragments, and after-

wards meeting them in the streets sporting a bit of the sheets as trophies of the great Diva in their hats.

“So runs the world away.”

Amongst Mrs. Clark's handmaidens was one superior to the rest—tall, and not only very handsome, but intelligent and well mannered. As a boy Stewart Clark was very fond of her, and she made a great pet of him, though in after-life he could never bring himself to renew the acquaintance, feeling naturally an embarrassing reluctance. A wealthy London banker, named Full James, was the owner of some shootings in the vicinity of Braemar, and he frequently rested both himself and horses at the Invercauld Arms on his journeys to and fro. He was charmed with Nelly Cootts, which was the name of this wonderful maid, and finally resolved on making her his wife. From this comparatively humble position she was transplanted to a fine house in London, and was received everywhere by

the best society of that day. So clever was she in conforming to the manners and customs of the upper ten, that nobody guessed her origin. There was only one weak point in the part she had assigned herself, and revealed she was not a "born lady." When she danced a reel she could not resist putting into her movements the life and spirit with which she had "footed it" in the Highland days of Auld Lang Syne. How could they be forgotten? She never had any family, and appears to have lived a blameless life of charity and good works. She survived her husband many years. He left her mistress of all his wealth, but she made no second matrimonial venture, and when she died she left the greater part of his money for the benefit of friendless girls. Of this numerous class, how many must rise and call her blessed!

"Life is always interesting when you have a purpose, and live in its fulfilment," says some one. Mrs. Clark certainly

would have been extremely surprised at the foolish question so often asked at the present time, "Is life worth living?" and to all such who feel doubtful on that point, I say with the poet—

"Oh, pray for life! thou feelest, with these
faults of thine,
"Thou art not ready yet with sons of God
to shine."

Also to follow the advice of Sir Walter Scott, "Do what you ought, bear what you must." "Deny yourself" you must; there is no merit in doing so, as some evangelists would have us believe. This is expressed in a humorous way by the irate Frenchman to the English waiter, who, when told to bring something, replied, "I will, sir." "You will! I say, *il faut*, you must!" And, lastly, to those who have no purpose, no aim, no ambition in life, I would say with Sydney Smith, "Make yourself care. Get up. Shake yourself well, pretend to care, and very

soon you will care, and care so much that you will be extremely angry with any one who interrupts your pursuits." As for Mrs. Clark, her son never remembers her sitting still for any length of time—except when she was reading her Bible, and it is in this attitude she is represented in her portrait, now in my possession. It was painted by Carsie, a well-known Scotch artist. He must have done it *con amore*, as he—like the rest of her friends—was very fond of her, and spent many a summer by the Braes o' Mar. The perfect ease of the attitude is indescribable. It appears to me a unique performance. Almost every other portrait in my remembrance has invariably given me the impression of "got up for the occasion;" and as a little boy of my acquaintance said when contemplating his picture, dressed in his very best Sunday clothes, very unlike his ordinary garments, "Jimmy is aye dressed there." Though desirous others should see it, the picture is too

valuable to be risked by copying ; also a water-coloured sketch of Invergalder by Stewart Clark—

“ I remember, I remember,” he might truly have said,
“ The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away ! ”

The photographs taken by Stewart Clark in India² are as fresh to-day as then, at least thirty years ago, whereas those I have by professionals of that time resemble the very sickliest of the paintings by the old masters. In this *fin de siècle*, few believe in private effort, and yet how many have produced effects no money could buy, no teaching could teach ! Count D’Orsay’s likeness of the Queen, so gay and *débonnair* on horseback, how

different from the prim, stiff productions of professionals of that period ! The Duke of Wellington (by Count D'Orsay), who was hard to please, said, when D'Orsay showed the finished portrait of the Iron Duke, " Well, at last I have been painted as a gentleman ; I will never sit to any one else ! " That was praise, even though Count D'Orsay was not a professional !

William Clark, the well-loved uncle of Stewart Clark, was in early life a widower. His wife died young, and, like that grand old hero, Lord Lyndock, he never saw any woman worthy to replace her. She, like the old lord's early love and only wife, is described as beautiful and fascinating, and superior to her surroundings. Her family lived at Birk Hall, now belonging to the Queen. She left two sons, William and Andrew Clark. The former was a medical student at Aberdeen with Stewart Clark ; they shared the same room, and were extremely attached to each other always. They were great

favourites in the social gatherings of that day. A few still remember them. How different society then and now, how informal! "Findon haddocks, scones, and whiskey toddy," the supper. No art, no effort, only wishing to please and to be pleased.

Andrew Clark, the younger son, read in the newspaper (the date is forgotten) an account of the burning of Jersey city. Though so young, he saw his way, as an architect, to fame and fortune. He set out at once to America, and in 1842 his father and brother joined him. This is a remarkable proof of indomitable will overcoming the infirmities of age, as William Clark, senior, was a martyr to rheumatism, and the passage to America then was a much more formidable one than it is now. They were accompanied by a faithful old servant called "Janet," one of the last of her kind. No such retainers in these days.

Stewart Clark received his uncle and

cousin in London, and helped them in every way before they took their departure. He also showed his uncle all the most beautiful buildings, such as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and was greatly struck with his uncle's architectural knowledge. It seemed as if he had seen them before, so minutely had he studied every building from description in books and plans. Janet was perpetually asking, "Where's the market?" Covent Garden every day did not come up to her idea at all, and she thought London a very poor place, because there was no regular market once a week, as in her own country. Highlanders, in taking leave of each other, instead of saying, "Farewell," take a pinch of snuff out of each other's mulls (snuff-boxes) and exchange them. This was how Stewart Clark and his uncle parted. He never saw him again, though he lived to an advanced age; neither did he ever again see Andrew Clark. But William came to England twice after that, and the

much-loved cousins met again ; he also is now dead, and America was the last resting-place of the father and sons. Mrs. Stewart was extremely anxious that her nephew should set up practice at Strathdon, where she lived the last years of her life. He did try it for a short time, and he might have droned on there, but "the high-born soul disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing beneath its native quarry." He was naturally indignant at the hard work and little pay. It is admirably described in "Aberdeen Doctors," the hardships and incessant toil of such a life ; few stand it long.

The highest lady in the place, Mrs. Forbes, after he had paid her innumerable visits and carried her through a dangerous illness, presented him with a fee of one guinea ! And the awful dark nights he had to journey on through snow and rain, leaving the guidance entirely to the Highland pony, as it was impossible to secure safety in any other

way. It is almost vain to describe all he endured, but one amusing incident he used to relate of this period. A poor woman, expecting her confinement, living miles away, sent her husband to implore the doctor to hasten to her bedside. The man said his say and returned to his wife. As it was a fearful night of wind and rain, Stewart Clark was some little time on the road, and as he noiselessly made his way to the cottage, he heard the good wife imploring her husband in strenuous accents to seek the doctor again. The poor man, almost beside himself at the idea of encountering the elements once more in her behalf, called out, "Oh, woman, couldna ye hould out till the morning?" At this opportune moment the young medico entered, and she soon after forgot all, for joy that a man was born into the world. It was a remarkable case altogether, for the woman was at least fifty-five years of age, and yet the boy was strong and healthy. He grew

up to be a stalwart Highlander six feet in height. He was named Stewart after the young doctor, and paid an occasional visit to his namesake in after-life.



PART III.

“What though upon the garments of some of your fellow-pilgrims in this world a little more of the dust has gathered, came you not all from the same starting-place? Travel you not all to the same destination? And when you reach it, will not your earthly possessions be just the same as theirs? I charge you, therefore, to remember always that, however honourable it may be to be a rich man, or a titled man, or a famous man, anyway it is the crowning glory and honour of earth simply to be a man!”—RUSKIN.

“Life,” says the Talmud, “is like a shadow, but it is not the shadow of a tree, or a house; but it is the shadow of a bird on its flight, and when the bird flies away, fly the bird and the shadow!”

“White sail upon the ocean’s verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun;
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
The happy homeward course to run,
And winged hope with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.”

IT is almost impossible to trace all the events of Stewart Clark's early career as a medical man; as before said, every note or record of that time was destroyed in 1857. He had preserved them in a small cabinet, and used often to say if the mutineers had spared him that, they were welcome to all the rest. The money to start him on his first venture in the London world was borrowed, and faithfully returned by him in after-years. How different is the ordering of things now! Almost every young man in these days begins life, at least, unhampered with debts, and almost invariably receives a sum of money, small or great according to the parental exchequer, wherewith to begin his road up the difficult ladder of independence. When Stewart Clark arrived in London, he found himself, as so many more have done before and since, utterly friendless. Day after day he paced the

crowded streets, and to be alone in crowds is about the most miserable of all forms of loneliness, and so it is to be a stranger in London ; groups of happy, busy men and women utterly indifferent to the woe-begone looks of the homeless stranger. True he had a letter of introduction from his mother to the old superintending surgeon who had decided his fate in life, but he bore him a grudge for so doing, as young men are apt to do with any one who interferes in their early fancies and inclinations, though he had no reason to regret the choice of the medical profession, for, whatever he might have proved as an architect, he was one of the most successful sons of *Æsculapius* who ever trod this earth. And, indeed, it is a noble calling to relieve suffering ; 'tis worth a wise man's best of life, says the poet ;

“'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,
If thou canst lessen but by one
The countless ills beneath the sun.”

However, Stewart Clark thought otherwise then, so the letter was never delivered; but he renewed his acquaintance with this gentleman when he had ceased to be a *pauvre diable*, and could meet him on equal terms. Day after day he sought employment without meeting the slightest glimmer of encouragement or success, for even then doctors were as numerous almost in London as now. At last the happy thought occurred to him to try to obtain the surgeoncy of a ship. He was fortunate in securing one in a ship sailing immediately for India. The remuneration was small, as both ship and owner were not first class. However, it was better than nothing, and a guarantee for something more advantageous in the future. It is needless to say he gave every satisfaction, and on his return to England he was determined to try a higher flight—that is to say, to secure the same sort of employment in some well-known shipping establishment, and as it appears almost like a romance

the way he obtained his ardent desire, it must be related in the words he used to describe it to me. "After much deliberation, I turned into the office of the great shipowner Green. The head manager listened politely to my appeal, and perused my testimonials, and said he would keep me in mind, but regretted that there was no vacancy at the present time. This announcement filled me with dismay, and I looked, as no doubt I felt, miserably crestfallen, with such conflicting feelings from hope to despair, when a jolly-faced captain who was there on business—one of those benevolent beings, only rarely met with, always doing a kind action or saying encouraging words—came forward and asked me some particulars about myself. I wanted very little encouragement to tell my tale. He heard me with sympathetic attention, and then advised me to go to his friend Captain Denny, who was about to sail for Calcutta, and who had expressed himself much dissatisfied with

the medical man appointed to his ship. I took down the address, and went then and there without the slightest hope of success. However, Captain Denny was at home, and I found him sitting alone in his study, a most melancholy-looking man indeed. He appeared, moreover, like one who had lately received bad tidings. He asked me a few questions about myself, but seemed so preoccupied with his own thoughts he scarcely took any interest in my story. At last, as I was a doctor, and apparently, though a stranger, Captain Denny fancied sympathy depicted on my countenance, he freely unburthened himself and explained the cause of his trouble. Not feeling very well, he had consulted a celebrated physician (no matter what his name is now), who told him he was suffering from disease of the heart; and the medical man appointed to his ship had confirmed the opinion of the great man, and, moreover, had gone the length of saying that, in his opinion, his life was not worth a year's

purchase (it is a wonder he did not use a favourite expression of some doctor's, 'I can only patch you up for a time').

"Terrible indeed was such a prophetic doom to any mortal man! No wonder he looked depressed and gloomy, and sore afraid! I asked permission to examine him, and then felt empowered by my professional knowledge to give him some words of comfort. True he had disease of the heart, but only slightly developed; with care he might live for many years. I furnished him with a certain regimen of diet, and bade him be of good cheer, as life had countless happy days in store for him." (To tell the result here, he lived for thirty years after this conversation.) He was naturally delighted to hear such a favourable opinion of his case. It was indeed to him like life from the dead! He was profuse in his gratitude to the young doctor, invited him frequently to his house, and introduced him to Mr. Green. So great was Captain Denny's

influence with the great shipowner, who considered him one of his best commanders, that he prevailed on Mr. Green to appoint Stewart Clark to his ship, and discharge his predecessor.

Stewart Clark sailed at least twenty times round the Cape with various commanders, but principally with Captain Denny, who was his favourite, and whose friendship he greatly prized. He was with him in the three fine ships, the *Vernon*, the *Seringapatam*, and the *Prince of Wales*. Of the latter I have a fine engraving in my possession now. How beautiful were those old sailing ships! Captain Denny was the first to take an auxiliary screw-steamer, the *Vernon*, round the Cape of Good Hope. He was indeed a wonderfully bold sailor and commander, and it is related of him, "When in command of the *Roxburgh Castle* sailing ship, he reported his own arrival at Calcutta on two occasions on his return to Gravesend, a fact that seems incredible in these days

of steam and electricity, but which was practicable enough when speed depended on favourable winds and good seamanship to profit by them."

Stewart Clark became a great favourite with Mr. Richard Green, and also with his father, a very old man, but so active as to ride on a spirited horse ; and, to the great horror of his friends, his favourite excursion was to be near the railway-station at the hour the train passed, as he enjoyed the liveliness displayed by his horse at that eventful moment. He had great confidence in his son Richard, and it was certainly not misplaced ; for he surprised Stewart Clark one day by saying to him, "My dear young friend, I have no money of my own." His listener thought the gentleman had indeed taken leave of his senses. But on further explanation, it seemed he had handed over all his property to his son in his lifetime, instead of making a will.

Of course Mr. Richard Green took care

that whatever money his father demanded was immediately forthcoming, without inquiry or comment, and at least six hundred a year was in request for charity. He also built a church, and it is impossible to conceive all the extent of the good he did to his fellow-creatures. Old Mr. Green lived to an advanced age, but his son died comparatively young. As a boy Richard Green had worked in the shipping business with the other employés, and received wages for his work in like manner, his father wisely thinking the knowledge thus acquired the very best for the head master afterwards. And so it proved. Nothing in the perfect or imperfect construction of a ship escaped the keen eye of Richard Green.

In Lord Clarence Paget's interesting autobiography, he writes that "in 1847 I made acquaintance with a remarkable man, whose kindness to me and mine only ended with his life. When I arrived at Sandwich and Deal to be introduced to

the free and independent electors, I soon learnt that the biggest gun among them all was Mr. Richard Green, the great shipowner ;" though he seems to have been a Conservative before Lord Clarence whiled him over to his side, and they fought together five contested elections.

When Stewart Clark visited Mr. Green at his pretty little villa in Walmer, he also became acquainted with Lord Clarence. They were young men about the same age, and, though not of the same rank socially, they were intellectually, were both musical, fond of art and science, had many tastes in common, and, in short, were congenial spirits.

Richard Green built a fine yacht for Lord Clarence Paget, and very frequently the great shipowner and Stewart Clark took a cruise in it, and, as they laughingly described these trips afterwards, one of the great attractions was eating a dinner cooked by a lord, for amongst his other great acquirements Lord Clarence was a

first-rate "cook." Now they call them artists. How I detest the universal application of that phrase! With my early ideas, it used only to be applied to painters. How horrified Beethoven would have been to be termed artist instead of musician. The years passed at sea were very happy ones for Stewart Clark. He was a universal favourite, and his medical abilities were indeed far above the average, as every one must allow; for in all those twenty voyages there was only one fatal case, and that was a lady in the very last stage of consumption, placed on board at the Cape of Good Hope. That was indeed a case beyond the power of medicine, though it is very different now to the days when Voltaire pronounced it to be "a substance of which men knew little, put into a body of which they knew nothing." She had a little boy with her about five years of age, and it is very curious, though she seemed fond of him and he of her, in one of her last days she pushed him aside.

He never went near her again, and never showed any sign of sorrow when told she was dead. Whether he lived to grow up is unknown.

Stewart Clark happened to be walking with Mr. Green and Lord Clarence Paget after one of his return voyages, when he came face to face with the old superintendent surgeon. Of course he stayed behind his companions to speak to his old enemy, as he used to consider him, though that was no longer his opinion. He asked the young man who were his friends, and, when he heard their distinguished cognomens, was greatly surprised, and exclaimed, "Well, you have got yourself into good company, at any rate." The old and young doctor often dined together and went to the opera afterwards—those glorious days of Mario and Grisi and Jenny Lind, never to be forgotten. He often used to dwell on these delightful passages of his life. Somehow the operas and theatres of the present

time are so numerous, they lack the charm of novelty and rareness of the past.

After every return voyage to England, it is almost needless to mention, Stewart Clark visited his beloved mother. She used to take advantage of his medical skill in behalf of her poorer neighbours. And there is still living one person in Braemar who has never ceased to acknowledge all she owed to Stewart Clark's skill in his profession.

At this particular time the doctor at Braemar was a very young and inexperienced man, fearful of "bold practice," and keeping well in the beaten track. Mrs. Lamond, the wife of Stewart Clark's early friend the carrier, was in a very critical condition after a confinement. He consulted Stewart Clark, who advised him to bleed her as her only chance of life. Like everything else in this world, there is no medium course, and because in the days of Gil Blas and Byron they bled for everything, now they will not do it at all.

Stewart Clark, with his characteristic generosity, said he would take all the responsibility. "If she dies," he argued—"which she will not do—I will take all the blame; and if she does not, you shall have all the honour and merit." The result was manifest; she is alive now to prove the tale. Stewart Clark saved many a life by judicious bleeding, and even after he had left off practising he used to declare, in many a case, if he or she had been bled they would not have died. Having no other medical man to consult at sea or in out-of-the-way stations in India gave him self-reliance. He possessed the great charm that he inspired confidence by his look and manner and conversation. Of course, there were a variety of pleasing stories related to me of the men and women who voyaged backwards and forwards to India. Though they were many more days in each other's company than they are now, it did not seem so wearisome, as so much was devised for their amusement.

Theatricals was one of the principal pastimes, and many good actors may be remembered—for instance, Colonel Crossman. I have seen Charles Matthews perform too, and the former quite equalled him in *Used Up* and many of the same plays, though he was an amateur. Mr. Alexander, of the Civil Service, sang Mario's songs with equal success. It is needless to say Stewart Clark was the presiding genius of all these sports and fancies, always taking himself any inferior part nobody else would condescend to perform.

He was very kind to the poor and friendless. In one particular instance it sounds romantic, but I tell the tale as told to me. "We were in sight of England after a long and tedious voyage, every one glad to think it was coming to an end, and every one busy with their preparations for landing. I was walking up and down the deck, dreaming of home and of seeing my dear mother again, when

my attention was arrested by sounds of sobbing, and then I saw a young woman, with two children, sitting mournfully by and saying, 'Oh, what shall I do?' She was the wife of one of the passengers, an officer, who had left her to shift for herself, as he had to land troops at Chatham. She was so grateful for the sympathy I felt for her distress that she soon told me all. As Goethe says, some faces have a history, others only a date. Hers had always conveyed to me she had a tale to tell, and so it proved. She had been an only daughter, surrounded with every comfort, as her father was wealthy and indulgent. Her mother being dead, she had perfect freedom to follow her own inclinations. Thus she easily fell in love with a young officer, and, as her father refused his consent, they took French leave and ran off to Gretna Green, and afterwards they accompanied his regiment to India. In those days of hospitality they fared pretty well, and she received much

attention on account of her beauty and accomplishments. But now she was totally destitute, without a friend, and, what was worse, without any money. Stewart Clark, though far from well off at that time, saw her and her children safely deposited in a good hotel, wrote a letter to her father describing all the misery of her situation, and gave her £5, all that he had then to spare. This he was surprised to have returned to him, after a brief period, with 'eternal thanks' and the donor's name. He afterwards heard that she had been welcomed back to her father's house and heart, and that her husband gladly availed himself of her forgiving love, and prosperity obliterated the neglect of adversity."

He was also very kind to several gentlemen who from time to time took passage in the same ship, and who had entered the army as common soldiers. In these days it is not at all an unusual occurrence, but it was so then, and almost all rued the day they entered the ranks. One

especially interesting case Stewart Clark always particularly remembered. He was, of course, a second-class passenger along with the rest of the soldiers homeward bound. But he was in very delicate health, and the kind doctor gave him permission to sit in his cabin whenever he liked. He had been highly educated, and the society of the common men was intolerable to him. When they were nearing England, he asked his kind friend, as the greatest favour that could be conferred him on earth, to be allowed to land with the rest of the passengers, and not to get out at Chatham with his fellow-soldiers. As Stewart Clark had great influence with the captain, this request was granted, on account of his weak state of health. When they reached the landing-place at Southampton, a handsome carriage, with a coronet and coat-of-arms on it, was in attendance. Two gentlemen came on board and thanked the doctor for his kindness, without, however, revealing their

identity, and carried off the poor soldier. And nothing more was heard or seen of him. So the mystery was never explained.

Mrs. Clark had a brother called John Watson living at Banchory, and possessing considerable property in that village. There is at the present day a "John Watson Guild," so his memory must still be green. He lived to an advanced age, considerably over fourscore, and led a very eccentric life. For one thing, he used to go up a mountain to pray, and thought he was following the Divine example thereby. He appears to have been clever in his way, and wrote many essays and pamphlets for the especial good of mankind. He fondly thought his descendants would recognize their merit, and have them published. But that was a delusive dream. It is recorded that in his old age he disliked visitors of any description. A near relation, a niece, whom he had only before seen as a child, on one occasion went considerably out of her way

to pay him a visit, and all she received for her pains was a loud message, sent through the open door, to say he was too old to make new acquaintances! Poor lonely old man! He lost his wife and his only son, whom he idolized, and though he was very fond of Stewart Clark, who used to be always welcomed, the latter could not feel the same devoted affection for him he had for his uncle William, and no wonder.

Stewart Clark's mother could hardly have been a true Scotch woman, born in the last century, without having her superstitions. Some pretty but not uncommon amber beads now in my possession originally belonged to her—most probably a wedding present. These she thought had some healing power over sore eyes, and when any of her family suffered in this way, she would make them wear the beads round their necks. They call amber by the pretty name of "lamma" in Scotland. I have never been able to trace

the origin of this idea. Her son had his superstitions, and felt a presentiment that every event of his life of any consequence would occur in the month of March, and so it proved. He was born in March, married in March, and died in March. He also never turned back when he went on a journey or even in taking a walk. He believed in a lucky foot, and always thought John Lamond the carrier brought him luck, as his was the only foot he encountered on his first journey from the beloved scenes of boyhood and youth.

When the then reigning Mrs. Farquharson, of Invercauld, was going to entertain royalty for the first time, she sent for Mrs. Clark to pronounce judgment on the preparations, and she made some suggestions and improvements to the luncheon-table; for, amongst her other qualifications, she excelled in cookery, and her son never thought any mutton broth equal to hers; also some wonderful pudding, which must have been her own composition, for no

recipe is to be found like it in any modern cookery-book. He also never thought any tea in after-life to be compared with the cup she brought to his bedside at 5 a.m., when he visited her after one of his return voyages.

Two amusing occurrences of Stewart Clark's medical experience in his seafaring life I must try to record. They were something after the manner of the poor fellow who thought he was a teapot, and asked every one to pour him out! One passenger gravely consulted the doctor about having swallowed a soda-water bottle. This was cured by the patient finding an empty one at his side when he awoke; then he had only swallowed the cork, and that was also found. But the other was a much more difficult case. With great secrecy he asked the doctor into his cabin, and whispered that he had had the terrible misfortune to swallow three Germans, and oh, the pain and the anguish they caused him! Now,

any one who has sat opposite to a German at a *table d'hôte*, tucking his napkin under his chin, preparing for a good feed, would decidedly think one was more than enough! However, he was ultimately cured, though these *malades imaginaires* are the most difficult and puzzling cases possible.

So highly did any passengers who had "voyaged" with Stewart Clark estimate the benefits they had derived from his medical skill, that they invariably inquired if he were to be the surgeon of the ship before they took their passage. He originated a wonderful kind of tooth-powder, and also a hair-restorer. He had constant applications for these from all parts of the world long after he left the service and public life. As for the hair-restorer, he had an excellent advertisement according to the manner of such things in the present day. He had bestowed it on a lady passenger with most beneficial results, and her hair became even more luxurious than it was

before the "falling off." She was afterwards sailing in a pleasure boat, a squall came on, and she was in danger of drowning, but was literally caught by the hair of her head, and successfully brought to shore by an expert swimmer. He also originated a medical compote he supplied privately to his friends, one of whom used laughingly to tell him to name it *pro bono publico*, as he said, "If you die, how shall I get them?"

The Christmas Days of his voyaging life were generally spent in Calcutta, where he was a favoured and welcome guest in many a delightful mansion. He particularly remembered the kindness there of Mr. Abercrombie Dick, C.S., his beautiful wife and charming daughters. They, indeed, took many a voyage backwards and forwards. In those days ladies did not go regularly to the hills as they do now, but preferred the rarer trip to England; and one or two of his lady friends still recall those pleasant times in the *Vernon*, *Prince of Wales*, etc.

“The golden mingling with the grey,
And stealing half its snows away.”

The seafaring life had many attractions ; plenty of time for studying both men and books. Many notorieties passed to and fro, such as Bishop Wilson, who, with all his eccentricities, did several kind actions. He used frequently to request a professional visit from the young doctor. There was nothing the matter with him, but he liked the pleasure of giving him a fee each time. He always spoke in the first person plural, after the manner of a bygone day. It is difficult to conceive that in early days Bishop Wilson was considered a very bad boy, and told he would live to be hanged ! Sir John Lawrence, too, as a young man, was a passenger in one of Green's ships ; he also was thought a very bad boy in his early years ! So that it is no wonder some one inquired, “What becomes of the good boys.” Richard Green was very desirous

of keeping Stewart Clark always with him as his personal medical attendant and friend. But such a tame and easeful life would never have suited his independent spirit. So he obtained an appointment in the East India Company's Medical Service. His greatest trial was saying good-bye to his mother, and he never saw her again. "Dickey Green," as Lord Clarence Paget used to call him, corresponded with Stewart Clark regularly till he died, but they too never met again. "Friend after friend departs ; who has not lost a friend ? "

“Farewell, thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field ! But the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. This song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee. Is there a cause to mourn ? The song comes with its music to melt and please the soul. It is the soft mist that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale, the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone.”—OSSIAN.

“ Only that thou mightst cherish it again
Wouldst thou the object of thy love
recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change,
and pain,
And death, which must be suffered
once by all ? ”

SOUTHEY.

“ Oh, who would live, if only just to
breathe
This idle air, and indolently run, day
after day,
The still returning round of life's mean
offices and sickly joys ?
But, in the service of mankind, to be
A guardian good below ; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling
herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is
life.”

“ Good-bye earth and sea and air,
And pain and care and suffering ;
Good-bye to all but Love.”

KEATS.

STEWART CLARK made his last voyage in one of Green's ships in 1850, when he entered the East India Medical Service as assistant-surgeon. The record of his public life is printed here in appendix exactly as he had written it himself before leaving India. I could not, if I would, detract therefrom or add one iota. The plain statement of facts tells its own tale, and all who take the trouble of reading it through will rise from the perusal convinced that no man ever did more service to his country in twenty-one years than he did, and his whole after-life, when he retired, was more or less passed in acute suffering of body and mind from his exposure and anxiety in 1857. Such things do not tell at the time, but long afterwards, until we almost rejoice when they can suffer no more. How often in later years he wished for death!

When he was at Allyghur, and before the mutiny, an Indigo planter came to him and, without any preface, said, "I have been drunk for forty years. Now, I have heard so much of your many cures, cure me." And Stewart Clark did. His patient had not made much money on account of his excesses; but in a few years after his cure he realized a large fortune, went to his home in Ireland, married, and lived to the age of eighty-six. For the benefit of teetotalers, I will add he was not a total abstainer by any means, but he had sense enough to follow the medium course prescribed by Stewart Clark, and most happy was the result.

It would indeed be impossible to remember all his medical successes by land and sea. There are at least twelve persons in my knowledge who owe their lives, humanly speaking, to his skill, and could bear testimony in *propria persona* now to his great medical knowledge, both as a surgeon and a physician. This is the

more wonderful, as in India his talents were made use of in many other ways. Jack-of-all-trades he seemed to be—Postmaster-General, Inspector-General of Prisons and Dispensaries, constructing dak gharries and mail-carts, with thirteen hundred blacksmiths and carpenters under him; likewise making out plans, in which his early architectural knowledge came in wonderfully. He also wrote two or three medical works. His last and most important was "The Hygiene of the Army," of which the Government took six hundred copies, and it is still known in India.

On March 22, 1855, Stewart Clark and Sophy Emily Burrowes were married at Lucknow by a very eccentric padre named Hyacinth Kirwan! On this occasion he only forgot the proper time for placing the ring, but of another bride married shortly afterwards he asked, "Will you have this woman to be your husband?" The marriage feast was given by Dr. John Wilkie, uncle to the bride, and with

whom she had lived for two or three years. He was afterwards Superintendent Surgeon of the field hospital at the siege of Lucknow. He was proud to number among the wedding guests Sir James Outram, the *beau ideal* of a brave soldier, and his lovely, ever-youthful-looking wife. General Gray, who lived to be nearly a hundred, was also present. At this distance of time it is almost impossible to remember items, but the heaps of strawberries that furnished forth the wedding banquet can never be forgotten. Cawnpore was only fifty miles distant, and yet strawberries would not grow there. My birth and parentage would interest no one, yet I feel an irresistible impulse to write what I can remember of my great-uncle, in every sense of the word "Sir David Wilkie."

First of all, let me remark the great truth some one has propounded; I forget who it is, but he says, "Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does

least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people." Every man and woman marries the wrong person according to the estimation of their relatives and friends. Our marriage was no exception in this way; but, as the only one's opinion for which Stewart Clark cared—his mother's—was never more to be had, and as I wrote to mine the first announcement, "By the time you receive this I shall be married," we never heeded the storm of scandal and disapprobation. I believe my principal charm in the bridegroom's estimation was, that I never asked what was the extent of his income, and who were his relations; and when my knowledge on the latter point was acquired, I most heartily wished he had been "an only child!" But this is an unwarrantable digression. My mother (and I am happy to say that she is still alive at the age of ninety) was a Miss Wilkie, daughter of Captain Wilkie, a brother of the great artist. I was extremely young

when, after being born in India, I went to England to be educated. I used to spend my holidays with my great-uncle and his sister, Miss Wilkie, who afterwards married Dr. Hunter, Surgeon-major of the Coldstream Guards.

As mine are only a child's thoughts about my great-uncle, they are not up to much, as they say nowadays. One question I have been often asked, as there is some kind of dog in most of his pictures (his mark, like "Collins' bird-cage") whether he kept them on his own establishment? To this I can safely say, "No." He borrowed them from his friends. The greyhound belonging to Lady Blessington was one of these. I should have been only too glad to have had even a dog as playfellow. My uncle used to make me sit to him whenever he wanted a child of any sort for his pictures. How well I remember my inward discontent on one occasion, when I was at a charming juvenile party in the neighbourhood, at

being brought back hastily for the completion of some child's portrait! The expression was that of a very naughty child, "*Cela va sans dire.*" He seemed to be always absorbed in his art. Methinks I see him yet, turning his face aside, even at his meals, in deep reverie; and every now and then the shaggy brows would relax, and the eyes brighten, and he murmured, "Ay, ay," as if "suddenly a thought came like a full-blown rose!" I used to beg him to tell me a story to while away the tediousness of sitting, and he began readily enough, "There was a man with an iron mask," but so utterly oblivious of everything did he become, and so absorbed in his painting, he never proceeded any further. My greatest amusement, when he and his sister went out to dinner, was to stand upon the chairs and look at all the prints of his pictures, an immense quantity, and I fancied something new in them every time I surveyed them thus minutely.

The Duke of Sussex lived near the

Wilkie in Kensington. He gave the Queen away on her marriage, and John Bull wittily observed that he was fond of giving away what was not his own. However, he won my childish heart by having the bagpipes play to him every day when he was at dinner. I particularly remember how I relished the noise of the screeching instruments as being an alleviation from the intense quiet of my surroundings. In those days, almost every girl who was fair, with a certain amount of good looks, was said to resemble Queen Victoria, though they were none of them the least like each other. This reminds me of the story told of the Duke of Wellington; when some one said Mr. Smith was considered exactly like him, he replied, "It is very odd that I am never told I am like Mr. Smith." Having the same coloured hair and complexion, I proved useful as an "understudy" of her Majesty to my great-uncle. The picture of Sir David Baird finding the body of

Tippo Sahib was on the easel then ; that is to say, it was such a large picture that a ladder had to be climbed to reach the top. A very handsome soldier used to come daily to sit as one of the many in this picture. No wonder women fall in love with the red coat ! It becomes one and all, the officer and the sergeant, dark and fair, and is ever admired and appreciated. I remember looking over the balustrade, at the risk of breaking my neck, when the great of the land came to inspect the latest beauties of the studio. I especially remember Princess Lievan, for she looked up and caught my eye ; never before or since have I seen a more fascinating smile. She must, however, have been very eccentric, for in her will she left a large sum of money to one of her friends, with the proviso that he was to keep up her carriage ! Enough of the long ago. I will only add Bloomfield's words (in memoriam)—

“ A scene that Wilkie might have touched
with pride ;

The May-day banquet then had never died."

Colonel and Mrs. Sleeman occupied the Residency when I first went to Lucknow. The former was a very formal personage; when praising a lady's appearance, he never went further than the word "comely." Society was irksome to him, so he declined to accept the sum awarded for entertaining in his appointment. His better half—for she was certainly so in size—was a very jolly dame. Methinks I see her yet, mounting the Residency steps, and two chuprassies with huge punkahs behind, fanning with all their might and main. I know she has been handed down to posterity as the originator of that speech about the Taj, that she would die to-morrow if her husband erected such a lovely tomb over her. It was very unlike her usual style. That was generally humorous, and sometimes extremely to the point. For instance, Captain Bird, the Assistant-Commissioner, was always at war with his chief or he

with him. He also, like many another man, thought his vocal powers worthy of being heard by society in general, but they not being of the same opinion, universal laughter was caused by Mrs. Sleeman's remark. She prefaced her speeches always thus: "Hi! hi! he is not a singing bird, but a fighting cock!" However, she was very kind to me, and many a happy day I have passed in that old Residency, and many a glorious dance in the banqueting-hall—now, only a ruin for future generations to contemplate and be thankful they were not alive in 1857. I never revisited Lucknow after my marriage, and we proceeded to Allyghur without any idea of honeymoon!

It has always struck me that whoever changed the spelling of the old Indian names might have employed his time more profitably; however, like old Hardcastle in *She stoops to conquer*, I love everything that is old—old friends, old times, old manners, old lace, old books, old

musical instruments, particularly "the old guitar." It is certainly a curious though rather original way of remembering bygone times, but they are always associated in my mind's eye with the books I was reading then. In the Lucknow Residency, when I went to spend the day, arriving at 6 a.m., after the manner of those hot days spent in the plains (ten hot seasons I passed thus before seeing and feeling the Himalayas), there were two charming books in the library, and eagerly devoured by me, "The Initials" and "Deerbrook." With every stage in my life's history books are associated, and the sight of them immediately recalls every minutia of that particular period. Stewart Clark was so impressed by the idea of "Life being short and Art long," that he always thought light reading a waste of time. And yet if he could have found solace therein, it might have made him forget his sufferings of body and mind in his later years. There is very little of interest I can record of our

Allyghur life. Dinner-parties constantly, meeting the same guests, but at different houses. My only brother (and I have no sister) was Captain Cosby Burrowes, of the 54th Regiment at Allyghur, and then Colonel, afterwards Brigadier, Polwhele commanded the regiment. To show how little we can anticipate the future, I remember so well a friend saying to me, "Are you not enchanted to have such a nice house and all the charming etceteras (we were taking tiffin together), this dinner set, glass, etcetera?" "No," I replied; "I am only thinking of the years and years I must sit here eating my meals, and going on day after day doing the same things." Alas! in a year and a half the mutiny broke out and broke up *tout cela*. Before that we went to Agra, where Stewart Clark acted as Postmaster-General.

Our first child, a girl, was born at that time. As I was more or less an invalid after we returned from Agra to Allyghur, I do not remember any of the officers of

the 9th N.I., except Captain Donald Stewart, as he was then, and he was too striking-looking a man, once seen, ever to be forgotten. I have never met him since, but I can safely venture to assume, though he is the hero of a hundred fights, he never was in more danger of his life than when he was, with that handful of men, left to guard Allyghur and the surrounding district. A man's foes were most assuredly those of his own household. None of them had had any experience of the art of fighting, Stewart Clark amongst the rest, though he did that eventually like everything else he attempted, well, occasionally cutting down two of the enemy single-handed. I have his sword as one of my most precious possessions, also his Mutiny medal, only given to those who have been under fire. No wonder, of the choice of evils, Sir Donald preferred the perilous ride to Delhi. In my juvenile days I used to admire and marvel greatly over the wondrous ride of Dick Turpin on

Black Bess ; but, having lately refreshed my memory of Sir Donald's ride by the perusal of Lord Roberts's most interesting "Forty-one Years of India," the ride of my youthful admiration pales before it. And truly the tale is ended thus: "It is difficult to overestimate the pluck and enterprise displayed by Stewart during this most adventurous ride. It was a marvel that he ever reached Delhi. His coming there turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to him, for the qualities which prompted him to undertake and carried him through his dangerous journey marked him as a man worthy of advancement and likely to do well."

Stewart Clark was extremely sorry to lose Sir Donald Stewart at that very critical period, but never forgot his valuable parting advice, namely, never to be persuaded on any consideration by the other volunteers to be enclosed or shut up in any kind of fortress, but always keep in the open country. This he did assuredly by

day, and at night also, when he placed a dollup of mud in his "solar topee" by way of pillow, and lay on the bare ground, holding his horse's bridle, ready to ride off at a moment's notice in the blazing heat of an Indian June. That horse I used to ride; it was half Arab, half country bred. They were always smother in their paces than the "Simon Pure" Arab steed. I called him "Beauty," and he carried my husband safely into Agra when he finally left off fighting. I have not a letter or a scrap of past writing to tell all Stewart Clark did during those five weeks or more, but Appendix IV. records a deed of daring worthy of remembrance for all time. Only one action of my life in the Agra fort at that period is worthy of record. I went about begging, borrowing, all but stealing, cigars and bitter ale from white men and black, and contrived that these valuables should reach my husband in safety. Whatever have been the misdoings and shortcomings of my life—

and I acknowledge they are many and great—I ever rejoice in the remembrance of that one noble performance. The scent of a good cigar in the open air even now has a soothing and fragrant feeling of remembrance. Though Stewart Clark used to attribute some of his after-sufferings to over-smoking—thirty “cheroots” daily in his early life—in moderation he enjoyed smoking a good cigar even to the last days of his life. A friendly rajah once gave them a dinner in the open at this time. It was a hilwan (kid) curry, and they had to eat it with their fingers, and a “bheastie” went round giving them water in their hands to drink. Nevertheless, Stewart Clark said he had never enjoyed any dinner like that one, and the curry certainly could never be equalled.

The tale of that awful mutiny has been so often and so ably told, as I always say, it is quite unnecessary for me to dwell on its horrors myself more than absolutely necessary. My husband placed my child

and myself in a dak gharry two or three days before the 9th N.I. mutined, but he would not allow me to take my jewels or any valuables, for fear of being robbed and murdered *en route*. However, we arrived in perfect safety at Brigadier Polwhele's bungalow at Agra. Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, stayed there one night before we all went into the fort. I remember asking him if my little girl had disturbed him. "Oh no, my dear young lady," he replied (he had such courteous manners); "a child's voice is music to my ears." He was a fine-looking man, and only fifty years of age. No one could have imagined he was to die so soon except Stewart Clark. I must write his own words on the subject, as a proof of his unerring judgment: "About the 3rd of July, 1857, I went into Agra, and soon after into the fort, where the Lieutenant-Governor and the rest of the refugees, including my wife and child, were already assembled as a precautionary move. I

do not remember the exact date at this distance of time, but one day I met Mr. Colvin while walking on the ramparts. I thought him looking very ill, and recognized at once the nature of the disease from which he was suffering, and also knew that his days were numbered. I told Dr. William Walker, his medical attendant, and Dr. Farquhar, who was also with him (both of whom have long since joined the majority), that the Lieutenant-Governor was suffering from a disease from which he could not recover. They were very much surprised, and would not believe me. However, the next morning they sent for me, and asked me to see Mr. Colvin, and tell him of his hopeless condition. I did so, and found him suffering from "anæmia" of an unusual type and at an extremely advanced stage, and that his days—nay, even his hours—were numbered! I informed Mr. Colvin of his critical condition, and that he was suffering from a disease that would soon carry him off. He then

said, 'But, my dear Clark, I do not feel like dying.' He threw back the sheet which covered him as he spoke. 'Look, I am not wasted ; feel me. It is impossible!' Nevertheless, I held to my opinion, having had much experience in such cases. I told him to concentrate his mind on private affairs, and leave all thought of public matters to others, as he had only a short time to prepare for death. I could not make any of the others believe me, and they continued to administer soup and wine and other restoratives, in the hope of keeping up his strength. His son Elliot was with him in the fort, and I told him to go in and see if there were any private arrangements to make, as the Lieutenant-Governor was perfectly sensible then. However, shortly afterwards Mr. Prinsep, the A.D.C., came for me, and said that Mr. Colvin was much worse, and his mind wandering. I went at once, but saw that nothing could save him. He died the next morning."

Before I left Allyghur we received intelligence of the breaking out of the mutiny at Delhi; the 54th Regiment had gone there from Allyghur some months before, and had been replaced by the 9th N.I. So admirably does Colonel Malleson describe, in his unrivalled book on the Indian Mutiny, the scenes at Delhi on the eventful Sunday. "With a light heart, then, the officers of the 54th N.I. and of the battery of native artillery accompanied their men, to whom the sacred duty of defence had been committed, towards the city gates. Their dream of confidence was not of long duration. Smith, 'Burrowes,' Edwards, and Waterfield were shot dead." Of the "light hearts," none were lighter than my poor brother, Captain Cosby Burrowes, aged thirty. But why should I say poor? It has been truly described as a very wrong expression; especially I remember, when some one told Sir Stafford Northcote that Lord John Russell was dead, the tidings were accompanied by the trite but sympa-

thetic comment, "Poor Lord Russell!" "Why do you call him poor?" was the quick retort. "Lord Russell had the chance of doing a great work, and he did it." And my brother died for his country. What more glorious ending can any soldier be given to his career, whether his rank be high or low, his age young or old? We who remain are the poor ones to be pitied.

"How dull is life where they are not,
But never, never once forgot!"

I most greatly admire the way Colonel Malleson describes and expresses our critical situation in the Agra fort. I cannot quote all the description, but must give the closing lines. "Of Polwhele's battle of Agra, it only remains to be said that it should stand out in history as a warning of the manner in which Europeans, or I would rather say the British race, should not fight Asiatics. From the day following that on which it was fought began, for the English at Agra, that long

and tedious life in the fort" (certainly never to be forgotten by S. E. S. C.) "which was terminated only by the arrival of a force under Greathed on the 10th of October, made disposable by the fall of Delhi."

Knowing Brigadier Polwhele so intimately, I used to wonder how any one who even required a "bearer" to put on his stockings in the fort could ever fight a battle. And I truly believe, when he saw the Sepoys approaching bearing the British flag against him, all his faculties forsook him and fled. It is a miracle, indeed, how any of us are alive now, when I think of it all over again. And then the great conflagration, the burning of the ancient city that night, which we witnessed from the ramparts, and which reminded Stewart Clark of the burning of the Balacbouie Forest in his boyhood. No! not if I live to be a hundred shall I ever forget that terrible time! My firstborn sleeps her lasting sleep just outside the fort. But so many abler pens have dwelt on this

miserable period of the world's history, I need not agonize myself by recording what I can remember. I shared the same quarters as the Hon. Bob Drummond's wife and child. She told the tale to Lady Canning. It is recorded in Lady Canning's journal, vol. ii. of that most irresistibly fascinating work, "Two Noble Lives," by Augustus Hare. Lady Canning! When I think of her, those exquisite lines by Landor seem always to describe her, though dedicated to another—

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race?

Ah, what the form divine?

What every virtue, every grace?

Rose Aylmer, all were thine!"²

Beloved, appreciated, admired by every one, not one dissenting voice!

Mrs. Bob Drummond had but a short experience of fort life in comparison with mine, and soon made better arrangements for herself in a boat outside. It seems almost incredible the high price of food

then, and the low price of what we now call "valuables." A beautiful cross of dark amethyst stones, said to have belonged to the Queen of Delhi, was given me, bought for fifty rupees (five pounds). The cross will ever remain with me to remind me of my sufferings then, and of the cross I have evermore to bear now on earth.

Stewart Clark has related the mere facts of his work in India in the Appendix; and some of our after-life I have written in a little book called "Dried Rose Leaves." The married life may be generally described in India as the man always writing in his office, the woman "too much alone." But that was twenty-eight years ago.

Mrs. Polwhele was a fine old lady, and had much more of the martial spirit in her than "the Brigadier," as she loved to call him. By means of the *Times*, I learnt that she lived for twenty-six years after our sojourn together in the Agra fort. "The Brigadier," though ten years older,

lived a year after her, and died at eighty-six. They were great advocates for the efficacy of bitter ale. And when, as they said, "they were too genteel to ask for it in preference to 'Simkin' at a Burra khana," they did not enjoy the entertainment as much as they did when they were "Darby and Joan" at home. In those days people drank wine with each other. It was a genial custom. Mrs. Polwhele had the same weakness Byron attributed to Moore, "Tommy dearly loves a lord." Of all littlenesses this is the most incomprehensible. Nobody would give a shilling for the signature (except on a cheque) of a mere duke or a lord, unless he had done something to prove his claim to the nobility of intellect also. Burns the Ploughman's writing of his name becomes more expensive every year! How were the mighty fallen when Tennyson stooped to become a lord! What can ennoble a poet? This is well described by Rudyard Kipling in "Tom Thomas,"

when the king wants to confer knighthood on him—

“ And what should I do with blazon and belt,

Wi’ keep and hold, and seisin and fea ?

And what should I do wi’ page and squire,

That am a king in my ain countrie ? ”

No doubt it was thought great luck for Stewart Clark to be made Inspector-General of Prisons and Dispensaries, N.W.P. The pay was good, but the expenses were great, and the amount of mental and bodily toil excessive. Writing all day up in the hills in the hot weather, till one of my friends used laughingly to say he would turn into a pen, and travelling in the plains during the cold weather on mail-carts, along rough roads—inconstant motion ;—and this after all the hardships and exposure of 1857 !

It was pleasant enough for me to escape the heat, and to hear in May, ringing true

amid the blue, "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," reminding me of England there, of Nynee Tal here. Though my memory has served me pretty well thus far, I must confess that names and dates often puzzle me as much as that old gentleman who went to visit a very great friend in London, and when he arrived at the house he quite forgot his name ; however, nothing daunted, he rang the bell, and when the servant came, inquired, "Who lives here?" The servant pronounced his friend's name.

In 1863 Stewart Clark was given sick leave, and we went to England. Nevertheless, Stewart Clark was not left long to rest. A law had come out that no assistant-surgeon should receive promotion as full surgeon unless he had performed two years' duty with a regiment. Stewart Clark found himself superseded with many others.

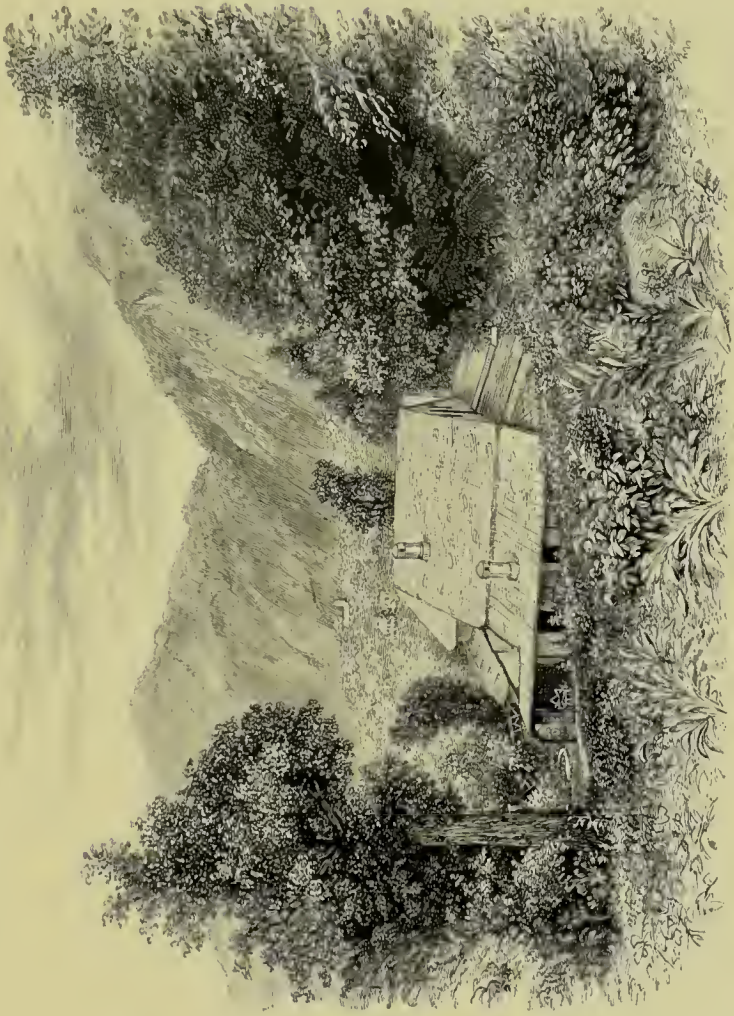
This indeed was "the last straw." I will only copy the closing paragraph of his letter of appeal to the Secretary of State

for India, but that is more than enough to convey the base injustice meditated. "And last, but not least, I have, after thirteen years of faithful service, to return to my native country with the consciousness that my broken health has been the direct result of the unceasing attention which I had devoted to duties, for the performance of which I am now practically made to suffer." I hope every one who will take the trouble of reading the Appendices I., II., III., and especially number IV., will unite with me in admiring the exquisite sarcasm conveyed in these words. After much delay, and endless journeys to and from the India House, where he used to meet other doctors equally unjustly treated, some actually with tears in their eyes, this wrong was righted—wonderful to relate, and the rule was not to be in force until after their time.

We returned to India, and went through the well-known life so many have passed

under different Lieutenant-Governors—Sir George Edmonstone, Sir Edwin Drummond, and Sir William Muir—and then we came to England for good. What an erroneous expression that is! All the good has generally been left behind—youth, health, everything but hope, that alone remains, and is eternal.

Nynee Tal was a charming hill station twenty or thirty years ago, but I always imagine it must look now like Pompei, or any of the buried cities of the past ages—*ay de mi*. My dear uncle, Dr. Wilkie, has his last resting-place at Nynee Tal. The cemetery was beautifully situated, and I believe it is still unchanged. What, indeed, does it matter where we are buried? “How shall we bury you?” said Crito to Socrates, before he drank the poison. “Just as you please,” replied Socrates, “if only you can catch me.” He felt he should never die. He was a heathen; and surely a Christian, even more, ought energetically to think with him, “I shall never die.”



The assembly rooms, where we, light-hearted and gay, frittered away the laughing hours, went down into the lake at the hour of noon in the last awful landslip; and I should have gone down with it had I been at Nynsee Tal then, for that was the hour I always went to the public library, kept in one of the rooms. That was the hour, too, when the inhabitants took tiffin, and therefore I had the place all to myself. I remember one remarkable ball there. We were all dancing. No wall-flowers, no dowagers, no men looking on. It had a very dull effect. I suppose, as Wordsworth says, "We live by admiration, hope, and love;" we must always be cheered by spectators of our doings.

As the Lieutenant-Governor is not permitted to go to Nynsee Tal, very few, if any, visit that dangerous part of the Indian world in this *fin de siècle*.

The lives of Anglo-Indians, after they have retired from the service, have seldom any interest beyond their family circle.

A few marvellous exceptions occur, of course, such as Sir William Muir. He certainly passed through that dreadful mutiny without seemingly having suffered either from mind or body. But those who were after that period of horrors in beginning Indian life, have, no doubt, plenty of vitality left them, and they expend their energies in various ways: some in literature, or philanthropy, or as Curates, or J.P.'s; others in sport—fishing, tennis, and golf. This last, though it does only good to number one, and seems a great waste of time to the ignorant beholder, is a far better game than polo, by which so many valuable lives have been lost.

Stewart Clark, whatever he suffered from in body and mind after he left India, was never idle. Goethe's description of his father—perpetually at work himself, and urging his family to work—might stand as a true representation of Stewart Clark. Truly he knew the value of time, and how little, comparatively, can be perfected

in the longest earthly life. Such excellent water-colour sketches he took of every place we visited in France, Italy, Switzerland! The world swarms with books of travel. It would be quite a surfeit of sweets to add mine, though I could "a tale unfold." For many years Stewart Clark read every new medical work, and kept himself "in touch" with the profession he had practised so long and so successfully.

Stewart Clark's eyesight remained good to the end, and therefore the delightful resource of reading was his to the last. For many years he had been more or less hard of hearing, though he always heard with his right ear. But it made him lose all relish for society. Also he did not care to be read to, but when he was well enough he read aloud to me. Alas! "Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi del tempo felice." Burns, Ossian, all those Scotch works, only rendered properly by a Scotch tongue. No Englishman need

attempt it. How absurd even the names sound in English! "William brewed a peck of malt, and Robert and Alexander went to see."

We resided in various parts of England. For a short time we lived at "Aylesmore," a picturesque residence near Tintern Abbey, Exeter, Teddington, Bournemouth, ever seeking a mild climate, as for some years Stewart Clark suffered from his throat severely; but that was entirely cured by the skilful treatment of our kind friend Dr. Prosser James. Nothing could have been more unhappy than our last choice of residence. We were persuaded into that fatal error by Dr. Waghorn, who was one of Stewart Clark's subordinates in India. We both liked him, he was so genial, and understood the Indian constitution better than those who have never been out of England. But he died, and after that it was the "abomination of desolation." And the opinion given of it by one of the oldest inhabitants is this:

“Redhill is a very low town, and it never seems to rise higher.” We came to the glorious, ever-changing sea, and, under the skilful and disinterested care of Mr. A. R. Ticehurst, Stewart Clark was comparatively happy. It is a curious coincidence that an uncle of Mr. A. R. Ticehurst is one of the officers of the 9th N.I. with us at Allyghur in 1857.

One of the good deeds Stewart Clark performed in India he ever remembered with the greatest satisfaction, and that was, on his first taking the appointment at Allyghur he found, under his predecessor's rule, the workshops had been going as steadily and the workmen as busily on Sundays as on week-days. Stewart Clark immediately put a stop to this desecration of the sabbath. The men neither murmured nor demanded any extra wages for the week ; and it came to pass, when there was a great demand for some extra carriages or mail-carts, and he felt obliged to ask them to work for a few hours one Sunday,

none of them would come, and he could not, of course, press the matter.

No one possessed more truly religious feelings than Stewart Clark, and he always maintained that he owed his safety in life, through so many trials and troubles, to the efficacy of his mother's prayers. I can record one instance of answered prayer. I prayed, oh, so fervently, that he might not be taken away from me on our wedding day, and he lived for three days afterwards. Yet now I cannot help agreeing with Mrs. Duncan Stewart, that "life is very trying when one knows so little of the beyond." I can only say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."

It pains me to think, in making an end, how feeble appear my efforts in describing one of the noblest of men. Poor indeed, when I consider Lady Burton's eulogistic and most exalted language in writing the life of one not half so noble (at least, that was my impression in his Indian days). However, be that as it may, it seems to

me, after the perusal of her life, or, as it is called, "The Romance of Lady Burton," that she was the most wonderful wife that ever walked this earth. What other wife (there may be one, but I know her not) would cheerfully comply when told, "Pay, pack, follow," always? She has certainly immortalized Boulogne with her early romance of "Love at First Sight," and no doubt it will be greatly visited now by Americans.

"Deep grief is silent," and, indeed, we all think there is no sorrow like our sorrow. I cannot linger over the last days of failing mental and bodily power—useless, vain regrets of "what might have been." "The past can never be undone truly, but it is equally true it may be forgiven."

Stewart Clark had many a happy waking dream of his boyhood's home and surroundings; he loved to recall what it was then, he never wished to see it as it is now. It was something in the manner of Sir Walter Scott murmuring in the closing

days, "Oh! it's up yon heathery mountain, and down yon scroggy den." So fond was Stewart Clark of sketching his birthplace whenever he visited his mother after a sea-voyage, that she always knew where to find him, and invariably exclaimed, "What, sketching Invergalder again!" I must comfort myself by the reflection "that the greatest truths are the simplest," and so are the greatest men; and to have known such a one on earth is enough till we meet again.

Many excellent sayings are recorded of Rowland Hill, but none more worthy of remembrance than this one: "A friend, having informed him of the sudden death of a lady, the wife of a minister, remarked, 'I am afraid our dear minister loved his wife too well, and the Lord in wisdom has removed her.' 'What, sir!' indignantly replied Rowland Hill; 'can a man love a good wife too well? Impossible, unless he can love her better than Christ loves His Church.'" In "The Twilight of Life"

are these most comforting words : “ When two have been here below, not only one flesh, but one heart and soul in wedded life, it is hard to conceive that they will not be one still, in some special way, in the life of the blessed. True Christian marriage would cease to be the perfect symbol of the eternal union with Christ and His Church were it otherwise.”

On the 25th of March, 1897, Stewart Clark died. He disliked cemeteries, and did not wish to be buried in Crathie kirk-yard, though that is the last resting-place of his beloved mother. All that is mortal of Stewart Clark lies in the churchyard of Hollington, a little village in Sussex. It is a lovely spot.

Oh ! my husband for evermore,

Thou art happy now !

Why grieve that thou art gone before ?

Why let my sad tears flow ?

God bless thee.

S. E. S. C.

To

Mrs. Dolce Spoor in very
pleasant & hospitable
remembrances of
this day

Hewitt Clark

22nd March

1889

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

COPY OF THE ORDERS OF GOVERNMENT
AND OTHER DOCUMENTS, RELATING TO
THE SERVICES OF ASSISTANT-SURGEON
STEWART CLARK, BENGAL MEDICAL
SERVICE.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Camp Pubbee, February 19, 1850.

1. No. 77 of 1850.—Mr. Stewart Clark, having satisfied Government on the points of qualification prescribed by existing regulations, is admitted to the service, from the 29th ultimo, as an Assistant-Surgeon on this establishment, agreeably to instructions received from the Honourable Court of Directors.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Camp Shumsabad, February 23, 1850.

2. The following Orders are confirmed :—

The Presidency Division Orders of the

7th instant, appointing Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark, recently admitted into the service, to do duty at the General Hospital.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Camp Jelum, March 7, 1850.

3. The following Orders are confirmed :—

The Presidency Division Orders issued on the 22nd ultimo, directing Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark, doing duty at the General Hospital at Calcutta, to proceed to Cawnpore, and do duty under the Superintending Surgeon of that circle.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Simlah, April 26, 1850.

4. The following Orders are confirmed :—

The Cawnpore Division Orders of the 9th instant, placing the services of Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark at the disposal of the Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor, North-West Provinces, for the

civil duties of Humeerpoor, and directing him to proceed forthwith to that station.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Camp Puka Serai, March 2, 1850.

BY THE PRESIDENT IN COUNCIL.

Fort William, February 16, 1850.

5. No. 107 of 1850.—The following Lists of Rank of cadets of inquirers, Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, and of Assistant - Surgeons appointed for the Bengal Presidency, are published for general information :—

No. 1 of 1850.—List of Rank of Assistant-Surgeons for Bengal.

To rank from the date of the transmission by the Overland Mail of the para. announcing his appointment, viz. Stewart Clark (abroad) *viâ* Marseilles, November 24.

(Signed) PHILIP MELVILL,
Secretary, Military Department.

East India House, January 2, 1850.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Camp Moojarie, November 11, 1851.

6. The following orders are, with the sanction of Government, confirmed :—

Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark, Civil Assistant-Surgeon of Humeerpoor, passed the Colloquial Examination prescribed by General Orders of the 20th of April, 1844, on the 28th ultimo.

7. Held medical charge of detachments of the 48th and 60th Native Infantry, and 4th Irregular Cavalry, stationed at Humeerpoor, from the 10th of April, 1850, to the 24th of October, 1852.

8. Appointed Civil Assistant-Surgeon of Allygurh, September 9, 1852.

9. Appointed Postmaster and Superintendent of Workshops, October 16, 1852.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Simlah, May 20, 1853.

10. The following Orders are, with the sanction of Government, confirmed :—

By Lieutenant-Colonel Polwhele, com-

manding at Allygurh, dated 12th instant, directing Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark, Civil Surgeon, to afford medical aid to the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry, *vice* Surgeon R. Christie, removed to the 3rd Cavalry.

11. Relieved of the medical charge of the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry by Surgeon Andrew Wilson, on the 13th of July, 1853.

HEAD QUARTERS,

Camp Khodagunge, January 31, 1854.

12. The following Orders are, with the sanction of Government, confirmed :—

By Lieutenant-Colonel Polwhele, of the 54th Regiment Native Infantry, commanding at Allygurh, dated 11th instant, directing Civil Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark to afford medical aid to that corps, in room of Surgeon A. Wilson, removed to the 9th Regiment of Cavalry.

13. Relieved of the Medical charge of the 54th Regiment of Native Infantry by

Surgeon J. H. Butler, on the 11th of April, 1854.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Calcutta, March 26, 1856.

14. BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA IN
COUNCIL.

Fort William, March 19, 1856.

No. 1634 of March 10, 1856.—The services of Assistant-Surgeon S. Clark, Civil Assistant-Surgeon of Allygurh, are placed at the disposal of the Government of India from the date on which Doctor Paton may be prepared to give over charge to him of the office of Postmaster-General, North-Western Provinces.

Received charge of the office of Postmaster-General, North-Western Provinces, on the 1st of April, 1856.

15. Served with the volunteers against the rebels in the Allygurh District, from the 26th of May to the 3rd of July, 1857; was present with the Magistrate and party

in a charge against the rebels at Mudroe, near Allygurh, on the 30th of June, 1857. Medal.

16. *Extract of Garrison Orders by Major P. D. Eld, commanding the Fort Allygurh, dated the 7th of March, 1858.*

In consequence of Assistant-Surgeon E. McKellar having been ordered to proceed on service with the Jât Horse, Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark is directed to afford medical aid to the troops in garrison, in addition to his other duties, as a temporary measure, subject to confirmation.

17. *Extract of Garrison Orders by E.D.R. Ross, Commanding at Allygurh, dated the 18th of May, 1858.*

Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark is directed to afford medical aid to the troops in garrison at Allygurh, in addition to his other duties, during the temporary absence of Surgeon Kinsey, F.R.C.S., on service.

18. *Extract of Garrison Orders by Captain Ross, Commanding Fort Allygurh, dated the 8th of June, 1858.*

Assistant-Surgeon S. Clark is directed to afford medical aid to the troops in garrison, during the absence of Surgeon R. B. Kinsey, or until further orders.

19. *Extract of Garrison Orders by Bt. Colonel Shuldham, Commanding Fort Allygurh, dated the 31st of August, 1858.*

Agreeably to instructions received from Division Head Quarters, Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark will receive medical charge of the garrison and Allygurh levy, from Assistant-Surgeon McKellar, until further notice ; subject to confirmation.

20. Certified that Dr. S. Clark assumed medical charge of the Allygurh Military Police on the 1st of May, 1858, and relinquished the same on leaving Allygurh, on the 26th of October, 1859.

(Signed) C. C. HALLETT, *Capt.*,

*Superintendent Allygurh District Police,
Late Commandment Allygurh Military
Police.*

Allygurh, August 9, 1861.

21. *From R. Simson, Esq., Under-Secy. to
the Govt. of India, with the Governor-
General, to Assistant-Surgeon S.
Clark, Postmaster, and Supt. of Govt.
Workshops, Allygurh.*

SIR,

Home Department. I have the honour to inform you that His Excellency the Governor-General has been pleased to place your services at the disposal of the Lieutenant-Governor North-Western Provinces, in order to your being appointed Inspector of Jails in those Provinces, as soon as you are relieved of your present duties.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) R. SIMSON,
*Under-Secy. to Govt. of India,
With the Governor-General.*

Camp Bunleera, the 20th of October, 1859.

APPENDIX II.

COPY OF DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE OF GOOD
SERVICE PERFORMED TO GOVERNMENT.

INDIA OFFICE,

Dated June 11, 1860.

SIR,

The excellent service performed by you during the mutiny and disturbances in India in 1857-58, has been brought to the notice of the Queen; you are reported to have had charge of the construction and supply of carriages for the troops, and, in spite of surrounding difficulties, to have never failed to meet every demand upon you, and I have been commanded to convey to you the gracious approbation of Her Majesty of your conduct during that critical period.

I am, etc.,

(Signed) C. WOOD,

Secretary of State for India.

DR. STEWART CLARK.

2. *Extract from the Agra Printed
Selections.*

FROM E. A. READE, ESQ., CIVIL SERVICE,
AGRA, TO DR. CLARK, SUPERINTENDENT
GOVERNMENT WORKSHOP, ALLYGURH.

SIR,

Financial Department. 2. I have the honour
to forward Extract paras. 11 to 16, of an
Address to Government, dated April 28,
1858, and of paras. 2 and 3 of Government
Order No. 2102, dated 29th ultimo, in
reply.

I have, etc.,
(Signed) E. A. READE.

Agra, June 4, 1858.

*Extract paras. 11 to 16 of Address to
Government by the late Commissioner
of Finance and Supplies, dated April
28, 1858.*

Para. 11. Until the later months of the
period under notice, Dr. Clark's operations,
except at Agra itself, have been conducted
within the reach of the enemy. They

have been mostly carried on at Allygurh, where the workshops are full two miles from the fort.

12. These workshops were plundered, burnt, and destroyed by the enemy in June and July, the operatives dispersed, and the numerous public vehicles reduced to an occasional stray cart or waggon, and the fragments of others.

13. The statement shows what has been done in new work and recovery of old materials in a few months, under Dr. Clark's guidance.

14. When postal and passenger communication was renewed in October last, it was accepted as a matter of course, but the public, and perhaps the Government, little know how largely they were indebted to the unobtrusive courage, system, and resources of this valuable officer, and, I may add, to the confidence he has obtained of the operatives and people about him.

15. So far back as August, under circumstances which would have discouraged ordinary men, he succeeded in making up

the waggons and vans which transported the detachment to Hattras and Allygurh, and in establishing the postal communication which, twice daily, passed between it and Agra.

16 I beg respectfully to bring to the notice of the Government that the salary of 350 rupees is but poor consolation for so large a trust and services so important.

3. *Extract Paras. 2 and 3 of Government Order, No. 2102, dated 29th of May, in reply.*

Para. 2. In reply, I am directed to request that you will convey the thanks of the Right Hon. the Governor-General to the gentlemen mentioned in your letter.

3. The exertions and good services of Doctor Clark, although they have not come before his Lordship officially, are known to him through other channels.

(True extract.)

(Signed) E. A. READE,
Late Commissioner of Finance and Supplies.

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4. *Extract of a Letter from the Secretary to the Government of the North-Western Provinces, to the Secretary to the Government of India, in the Military Department.—No. 2758 A, under date the 21st of October, 1862.*

Therefore, as Dr. Clark's failure to comply with the prescribed condition is due to no act of his own, but to those of officers whom Government had set in authority over him, his honour would submit, that he has established a claim for a special exemption being made in his case, on grounds of equity alone, even if he were not, as the accompanying papers go to prove, and as Mr. Edmeston has the sincerest pleasure in certifying, one of the most zealous, able, conscientious officers connected with the administration over which he has the honour to preside.

5. *Extract of a Letter from the Officiating Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces to the Secretary to the Government of India, in*

*the Military Department, No. 210 A,
under date the 15th of January, 1863.*

Further it will be perceived, that until August last Dr. Clark was under the impression that his service with the Allygurh Military Police Battalion would satisfy the requirements of the rule; when he discovered his mistake it was too late to rectify it, and I am to add on the part of this Government, that it would have been most inconvenient and detrimental to the public interests to have allowed Dr. Clark to abdicate his present office as Inspector-General of Prisons.

3. Whether the medical charge of detachments at Humeerpoor for two and a half years can count as regimental service under the rule, will be known to the Government of India in your Department.

4. In conclusion, the Lieutenant-Governor ventures to submit, that the indulgence now solicited would be but a small return for the very valuable services rendered by Dr. Clark during the disturbances, as detailed in his letter, and in the printed

enclosure, and the importance of which has been acknowledged by the Government of India, and by Her Majesty's Government; and his honour earnestly hopes, that in the further explanation now forwarded, it may be found possible to recommend the case for the favourable consideration of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State.

(Signed) J. D. SANDFORD,
*Officiating Secretary to the Government
of the North-West Provinces.*

6. *Certificate from Dr. Campbell McKinnon, C.B., late Inspector-General of Hospitals.*

While Superintending Surgeon of the Agra circle, in the latter part of 1857 and early part of 1858, and as Inspector-General of Hospitals in 1859, I inspected on two different occasions the hospitals at Allygurh, under the medical charge of Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark. It is but simple justice to Mr. Clark to say, that I found those hospitals in a high state of

order and efficiency. I was thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Clark's medical duties were performed, and I may add, that I have a very high opinion of his judgment and ability as a medical officer. Few medical officers stand higher in the estimation of their professional brethren than Mr. Clark.

(Signed) C. McKINNON, M.D., C.B.,
Inspector-General of Hospitals.

7. *Certificate from Dr. John Murray,
Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals,
Agra.*

Certified that Assistant-Surgeon Stewart Clark was civil surgeon, under my superintendence, for several years at Allygurh, and that I had the highest opinion of his professional qualifications and attention to his duties in the Jail and Police Hospitals, and in the Charitable Dispensary.

(Signed) JOHN MURRAY, M.D.,
Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals.

Agra, May 18, 1864.

8. *Copy of a Letter from C. B. Thornhill,*

*Esq., late Secretary to Government,
North-West Provinces, dated the 29th
of December, 1863.*

DEAR DR. CLARK,

I have just received your letter of the 23rd, in which you explain the circumstances which render you desirous of receiving from me a brief memorandum of your services during the mutiny, which came officially to my knowledge while I was holding the office of Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces.

I fear that at this distance of time, and in the absence of any records, I shall omit much that you did, but it gives me much pleasure to recount the following incidents :—

When you were compelled to leave Allygurh, in consequence of the mutiny of the 9th Regiment of Native Infantry, you joined the handful of volunteers who, at the desire of the Lieutenant-Governor, endeavoured to preserve some degree of order in the district, and keep open the communications towards Meerut and Delhi.

When the whole country rose, and you were driven into the Fort with the rest of the residents of Agra, you organized a system of transmitting minute despatches and letters through the disturbed country ; and of all the many and constant endeavours to communicate with Delhi and Cawnpore, yours only were generally successful.

You returned to Allygurh and reopened your workshops while the neighbourhood was still in a disturbed state, and to your energy and ingenuity the Government was indebted for the means of conveying the mails after the roads were open, as well as for the numerous waggons which were so extensively employed in the transport of our troops, when the celerity of their movements was of vital importance.

Under the old system it would have occupied months to effect that which you did in the course of days. Your stock of seasoned wood had been destroyed, and no other was to be obtained for the manufacture of the mail-carts, etc. In this

emergency your happy thought of the direct application of heat enabled you to season green wood in the course of a few hours, and thus to supply a most urgent want at a very critical period.

In addition to these services, your previous experience as Postmaster-General of the North-West Provinces enabled you to aid the Government in the re-establishment of the general postal lines; but from the first commencement of the disturbances your assistance was always rendered most cheerfully and readily on every occasion, and I know that it was very highly appreciated by Mr. Colvin, when Lieutenant-Governor, and Colonel Fraser, when Chief Commissioner.

(Signed) C. B. THORNHILL.

8. *Copy of a Letter from A. H. Cocks, Esq., C.B., late Special Commissioner in the Allygurh and Mynpoorie District, dated the 31st of December, 1863.*

DEAR DR. CLARK,

During the period I was employed

in the District of Allygurh as Special Commissioner, and on both occasions of my being there during the mutiny in 1857, I was in constant communication with you; and whether I regard you in the light of a medical officer, a soldier, or Superintendent of Government Workshops, I cannot but regard you as having shown an example of energy, patience, good judgment, and daring courage, scarcely equalled by any one even in those times, when so many bright examples were forthcoming.

You were employed during the month of June, 1857, as a cavalry soldier, and in two or three instances I remember seeing you engaged in single combat with rebels. You were also the Postmaster, as well as Medical Officer, of our little band. You worked hard and successfully in the Intelligence Department, and the instant an opportunity offered you were hard at work making carriages for the transport of troops, under circumstances so peculiar and dangerous that I believe very few

besides yourself would have attempted anything of the sort.

(Signed) A. H. COCKS,
*Late Commissioner in the Allygurh
and Mynpoorie Districts.*

9. *Copy of a Letter from H. B. Riddell, Esq., late Director-General of the Post Office in India, dated the 5th of January, 1864.*

DEAR DR. CLARK,

I am sorry to hear that your services to Government in the Postal Department is likely to have the effect of retarding your promotion in your own line. I shall be most willing to testify to the zeal and ability exhibited by you before, during, and after the mutiny. Your duties in respect to the organization of transport trains, while the districts in the Upper Doab were still in a disturbed state, were, it appears to me, specifically of a military nature, and most certainly the public service would have suffered had

you, during the year 1857-58, been removed to regimental duty.

The Government of the North-West Provinces have already testified to your services during the time you were at Agra; and while you were almost cut off from communication with Cawnpore, the despatches sent by you were, I believe, almost the only ones received at that place.

(Signed) H. B. RIDDELL.

10. *Copy of a Certificate from George Paton, Esq., M.D., Director-General of the Post Office in India.*

Stewart Clark, Assistant-Surgeon, Bengal Army, while in medical charge of the Civil Station of Allygurh, had charge of the Post Office and was Superintendent of the workshops attached thereto for the construction and repair of mail-carts and waggons for the Government bullock-train.

While I was Postmaster-General of the North-West Provinces of India, from February, 1854, to November, 1859, Mr. Clark was subordinate to me, and by his

energy, zeal, and attention to duty, gave very great satisfaction.

From April, 1856, to April, 1857, Mr. Clark officiated as Postmaster-General of the North-West Provinces. I officiated as Director-General of the Post Office in India during that time, and while so serving under me, I had reason to be highly pleased with Mr. Clark's services.

During the mutiny Mr. Clark exerted himself greatly in reforming workshops at Allygurh, and having the vehicles in the mail-cart and bullock-train establishments replaced on their former footing. At the outbreak of the mutiny the workshops at Allygurh were entirely destroyed by the rebels. For his exertions during and after the mutiny Mr. Clark obtained the thanks of the Government of India and also of Her Majesty the Queen.

(Signed) G. PATON, M.D.,
Surgeon-Major Bengal Army, and
Director-General of the Post Office
in India (on leave).

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 5, 1864.

APPENDIX III.

STATEMENT OF THE GENERAL SERVICE OF
ASSISTANT-SURGEON STEWART CLARK,
MORE PARTICULARLY DURING AND SUB-
SEQUENT TO THE MUTINY IN 1857.

I was a member of the Committee that was assembled at Allygurh in the month of December, 1853, by order of the Governor-General of India, to consider and report on the best mode of conveying European troops by bullock train, and I laid before the Committee a plan and description of a conveyance for the above purpose, which was subsequently carried into effect, with economy and advantage to the public service.

2. I officiated as Postmaster-General of the N.W. Provinces from the 1st of April, 1856, to the 31st of March, 1857.

3. At the outbreak of the Mutiny at

Allygurh, I was the only medical officer at the station, and, in addition to my other duties, held medical charge of the 9th Regiment of Native Infantry.

4. As all communication had been cut off with the Postmaster-General, who happened to be in the Punjab at the time of the outbreak of disturbances at Meerut and Delhi, I was ordered by the Lieutenant-Governor to assume charge of the Postmaster-General's office in addition to my other duties. Through my knowledge of the people and surrounding country, I was successful in keeping up communication with Meerut, the camp before Delhi, Cawnpore, and other important places, which proved of considerable advantage to Government. (*Vide* Letters Nos. 7, 8, and 9, in Appendix II.)

5. On the day the workshops at Allygurh were destroyed, there were upwards of 700 workmen present; these men never altogether deserted me, and were always ready to return to their work on the shortest notice. In the month of

August I collected a number of them, and established temporary workshops at Agra, for the repair of the few waggons and other post-office vehicles which had escaped complete destruction, and the manufacture of such articles as harness, etc., which I knew would be most urgently required immediately some degree of order should be restored; so that even before Delhi fell, we were in a position to render considerable assistance to the military department in the transport of troops. (*Vide* extract of correspondence No. 2 in Appendix II.)

6. In the month of November, 1857, the workshops were permanently re-established at Allygurh, and before the end of the year I had upwards of 100 waggons, with all the requisite appliances for them, ready for the conveyance of troops or any other purpose for which they might be required; and in a position to forward by mail carriages all officers applying for passages. Not the least of the services performed by these mail conveyances were

the rapid and safe transport of Government despatches. It happened that, notwithstanding the electric telegraph was in operation, the above mode of conveying despatches was constantly required, so that seldom a day passed without two or three express mails being required in some direction.

7. When I returned to Allygurh, there were only the bare walls of the workshops standing, and not a vestige remaining of the large stock of materials in store at the outbreak of the Mutiny, which, from the number of hands employed, it will be readily understood must have been considerable. The whole of the seasoned wood and timber of every kind had been burnt, and the iron, etc., carried away.

8. The workshops had to be rebuilt from the foundations, as well as the manufacture of carriages of various kinds for the re-establishment of the mail and bullock train lines ; and during almost the whole of 1858, and greater part of 1859, the number of men employed was seldom

under 1200, and often above 1500; and during the time the waggons were being made up to the full complement, we were able to turn out on an average as many as four new ones daily, besides mail-carts and other work.

9. In the month of August, 1858, I brought to the notice of Government, in a demi-official letter to the Quartermaster-General of the Army, the urgent necessity for places of shelter during the daytime for European soldiers travelling by bullock train; and the first rest-house for the above purpose was built at Allygurh, under my supervision, by "command" of the late Lord Canning, when administering the affairs of the N.W. Provinces.

10. At the time I write of, large bands of rebels were hovering in the neighbourhood, and on one occasion the bullock train was destroyed in broad daylight, by the force under the rebel chief Reheem-Ally, within a few miles of Allygurh. So great were the chances of a visit from

some of these rebel bands, that the accounts and records of my office were generally kept in a cart, all ready to move towards the fort, a distance of over two miles, at a moment's notice ; and as soon as the carriages which could not be moved on the shortest notice were sufficiently advanced towards completion, they were taken under the guns of the fort, for the purpose of being finished.

11. From what has already been stated—for the truth of which ample proof will be found in Appendix II.—it will be readily understood that all the operations detailed above could not have been carried on, particularly under such circumstances, without great exposure and anxiety ; and when taken into consideration along with the medical duties detailed below, which were also performed to the satisfaction of my superior officers in the Medical Department (*vide* certificates Nos. 6 and 7 in Appendix II.), I trust it will be admitted that few men, that may be called single-handed—for I had no European assistants

—did more useful service to Government during those trying times.

12. These services, it is true, may be considered foreign to the duties of a medical officer, but it so happened that I was in a position to perform them without prejudice to my professional duties; and I venture to remark that they were very important services to Government at the time, which could only have been conducted with efficiency and economy by some one having experience in the work, and well acquainted with the resources of the country, the people, and the native character generally.

13. With reference to my medical duties, which, I have already stated, were performed to the satisfaction of my superior officers in the Medical Department, I would mention, that in addition to the civil medical duties, which included three hospitals visited daily, viz. the Police Battalion Hospital, the Jail Hospital, and the Dispensary, besides the other professional duties devolving on medical

officers attached to civil stations, which are always more or less onerous, I was often in medical charge of the garrison and hospital of the Allygurh Levy (*vide* copy of Garrison Orders in Appendix I.). It is chiefly to the extra medical duties—which were much scattered, and in some cases distant from my quarters, and requiring my personal attendance at all hours of the day, thrown upon me in the hot weather of 1858, consequent on the removal of the garrison surgeon, Dr. Kinsey, to another appointment, and the departure of Dr. McKellar, the medical officer attached to the Jât Horse, with his regiment—that I attribute, in a great measure, the ill health I have suffered from ever since.

14. The routine of a medical officer's life is seldom marked by anything beyond the good wishes and confidence of those entrusted to his care, and the satisfaction he gives to his superior officers in the execution of his public duties ; and to all those with whom I have had to deal in

both respects I should be glad, were such a step considered necessary, to intrust my professional reputation.

STEWART CLARK,
*Assistant-Surgeon and Inspector-
General of Prisons, N.W.P.*

APPENDIX IV.

COPY OF DOCUMENTS RELATING TO SERVICE
WITH THE VOLUNTEERS IN THE ALLY-
GURH DISTRICT IN 1857.

*Extracts from Narrative of Events attend-
ing the Outbreak of Disturbances, and
the Restoration to Authority, in the
District of Allygurh, in 1857-58.*

No. 11 of 1858.

FROM W. J. BRAMLY, ESQ., MAGISTRATE
AND COLLECTOR OF ALLYGURH, TO A.
COCKS, ESQ., SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

Dated Allygurh, the 17th of November, 1858.

News of the Meerut outbreak reached Allygurh May 11. The troops then in the station were about 300 men of the 9th Native Infantry, and head-quarters of the regiment commanded by Major

Eld. A period of the usual uncertainty and dismay occurred, but the troops appeared quiet and orderly. Beyond the burning of an empty bungalow, no overt act of disaffection appears to have been committed till the day of the Mutiny.

At that time Mr. Watson was Magistrate and Collector, assisted by the officers, Mr. W. Lane, Joint Magistrate, and Mr. F. B. Outram, Assistant-Magistrate. What Mr. Watson's views were at the time I have no means of determining. No record remains here. They were probably in every detail communicated, at the time, to the late Lieutenant-Governor.

The troops on the 19th were reinforced by a detachment, and on the 20th by the remainder of the right wing of the 1st Gwalior Cavalry, under Captain Alexander. On the same day a Brahmin, named Naraen, resident at a village close to Allygurh, who had an uncle in the Nujjeeb Jail Guard, made proposals of mutiny to two Sepoys of the 9th Native Infantry, promising, on the part of the villagers,

support in the work of plunder. These men informed their commanding officer, who directed them to seize him. He was accordingly apprehended by them, tried by native court martial, and by its sentence hung at the Collector's cutcherry, on the evening of the 20th, about sunset. The execution had hardly terminated when the 9th broke out into open mutiny. Their officers were allowed to escape; they and the civil officers, with some ladies who were still at the station, were able to retire in safety to Hattras,* under escort of the 1st Gwalior Cavalry. The Sepoys then set fire to the Collector's cutcherry and post-office, plundered the cash in both places, and left the station for Delhi by 9 or 10 p.m., without doing further mischief. From the Collector's treasury they carried off about three lacs, and left the other four for the rabble.

* * * * *

On May 26 a body of volunteers—Europeans and Eurasians—about forty in

* A town on the Agra road.

number, arrived at Khundowlee, and went to Hattras to effect the release of Messrs. Booth, Saunders, and party, in durance at Mulloee Factory : this was effected on the 29th. Allygurh was occupied by them the same day, Mr. Watson, the Magistrate, accompanying them. The volunteers, in varying numbers, continued with Mr. Watson till July 2, when that officer, on the advance of the Neemuch Mutineers on Agra, and the meeting of the two bodies of Gwalior troops stationed at Hattras and Sasnee, was compelled to leave the district.

However, to continue the narrative. On Mr. Watson's return, some degree of order was established at Allygurh itself. The people made haste to throw out from their houses plundered property in great quantities. Dr. Clark, postmaster, who accompanied Mr. Watson, was enabled at once to re-establish mail-cart communication with Meerut, and maintain it for eight or nine days.

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During the first half of June, Mr. Watson and the Volunteers continued at Allygurh and its neighbourhood, making demonstrations continually in different directions, with a view of preserving some semblance of order, and keeping open the communications between Agra and Meerut; they had continually to be on the alert, to avoid surprise as well by district rebels, as also by rebel troops who were passing continually up the trunk-road, *en route* to Delhi. On the 5th of June the 7th Cavalry Mutineers passed through, and plundered or destroyed all the property the volunteers had collected.

From about the middle of June, the Magistrate, with the volunteers, made the ruined indigo factory at Mudroc, situated about seven miles from Allygurh, on the Agra road, their head-quarters. About the same time, Major Burlton took up a position at Sasnee, seven miles in rear of Mudroc, with a force of cavalry, guns, and infantry. Captain Alexander, with his men, remained at Hattras, and did good service on several occasions.

About June 21 the Lieutenant-Governor recalled most of the volunteers to Agra; there then remained with Mr. Watson the following eleven gentlemen:—Messrs. Cocks and Outram, Civil service; S. Clark, Esq., Civil Surgeon and Postmaster; J. O. B. Tandy, Esq., P. Saunders, Esq., H. B. Harrington, Esq., Jun., Mr. Hinde, Ensign Olivant, Ensign Marsh, Mr. Castle, and Mr. Burkinyoung.

On June 30, at 2 p.m.—Mr. Watson and party still at Mudroc—information was sent them by the deputy-postmaster at Allygurh, that the Mewatees and other Mahomedans of the city (Coel),* had raised a green flag, and proposed to attack Mr. Watson's party in large numbers. The news was shortly after confirmed by the approach of the attacking party, 700 to 1000 strong. This party had boastfully declared that they would fix the heads of the Europeans on the city gates before night; they fled, however, at the first charge

* Coel is the name of the city; and Allygurh properly the name of the fort cantonment only.

of the twelve gentlemen above-mentioned, and lost some fourteen of their party killed. The small party of Nujjees and Sowars with Mr. Watson were of no use, and fired in the air. It is credibly said that the villagers plundered this formidable body of "Jehadees" on their retreat to Coel.

* * * * *

With the city of Coel in his front, and Major Burlton's force at Sasnee in a mutinous state in his rear, Mr. Watson, on July 1, thought best to retire to Iglas, where he was informed next day of the mutiny of the Gwalior troops at both Hattras and Sasnee. Mr. Watson and party then left for Agra.

I wish here to remark on the good service performed by the Agra volunteers, and especially the body of gentlemen who stood by Mr Watson till the last. The post-office authorities were thus enabled to keep open communication with Meerut. It delayed the establishment of a rebel government at Coel, so that no time was left for its organization before Mr. Cocks,

with Major Montgomery's force, appeared on the scene in August, Besides, the moral effect of a small body of Europeans living in the open field, marching, halting, and attacking when they pleased, must have had a good effect on the population, and shown them how vastly inferior they were to the men they were attempting to crush.

* * * * *

I have, etc.,

(Signed) W. J. BRAMLY,

Magistrate and Collector at Allygurh.

No. 922.

FROM LIEUT. W. H. GREATHED, DEPUTY
CONSULTING ENGINEER TO GOVERN-
MENT, TO WILLIAM MUIR, ESQ., SECRE-
TARY TO GOVERNMENT, NORTH-WES-
TERN PROVINCES.

Dated Allahabad, the 30th of July, 1858.

I have the honour to avail myself of your invitation to submit, for the information of the Right Honourable the Gover-

nor-General, a report of the services of the Agra Volunteer Horse in their first days, and to solicit his Lordship's favourable consideration of such claim as those services may be held to establish to the honour of recommendation for the war medal.

* * * * *

From that day (27th May) to the 2nd June, when I left the volunteers, they were employed in watching the approaches to Allygurh, and in visiting neighbouring villages, whose inhabitants had taken an active part in the plunder of the station. On the 1st June, the force commanded by Captain Stewart, 9th Native Infantry, and Dr. Clark, suddenly moved seventeen miles to Khyr, where a thakoor, Rao Bhowanee Singh, had deposed the tehseeldars, and proclaimed his independence.

Whilst the town of Khyr was being surrounded by videttes, to prevent the rebel chief's escape, the late Mr. Watson, Magistrate of Allygurh, with a few of the volunteers, gallantly rode straight through the town to the Tehseelee, where Bhoupaul

Singh was surprised and captured with sixteen attendants.

* * * * *

I have, etc.,

(Signed) W. H. GREATHED, *Lieut.*,
Deputy Consulting Engineer to Government.

FROM A. COCKS, ESQ., SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,
TO WILLIAM MUIR, ESQ.,
SECRETARY TO GOVERNMENT, NORTH-
WESTERN PROVINCES.

Dated Camp Landour, the 5th of October, 1858.

I have the honour to acknowledge your letter, No. 624, dated the 12th August, 1858, and to furnish a continuation of the proceedings of the Allygurh Volunteer Horse.

After Captain Greathed's departure, Captain Donald Stewart, now Assistant-Adjutant-General, assumed command, but he was shortly afterwards deputed to take despatches to Delhi, and was succeeded by Mr. Paterson Saunders.

This gentleman gave great satisfaction both to the volunteers themselves as well as to the district authorities; he set an excellent example of self-denying patience, never-failing energy, and daring courage.

Until about the middle of June, our party was composed of the volunteers (forty in number) mentioned by Captain Greathed. It was sufficiently strong to overawe the Mahomedan population of the town of Coel, as well as the refractory villagers, who were ever ready to take advantage of the state of anarchy.

On several occasions we were obliged to saddle at a moment's warning, and descend on these villagers, who met us with matchlocks, swords, and bludgeons, but were on every occasion well punished.

Our greatest danger, however, arose from the frequent arrival at Coel of large bands of mutineers from Oude and the districts which had been abandoned.

When we felt unable to face these in the open field, we occasionally harassed their movements by firing at their advanced

guards, and then making an orderly retreat to some position capable, in a certain measure, of defence.

* * * * *

It is now my pleasing duty to name the gentlemen (ten in number) who remained with Messrs. Watson and Outram to the last. Many of them were totally disconnected with Government, and, only impelled by an Englishman's dislike to desert a countryman, they remained by Mr. Watson to the last :—

1. MR. BURKINGYOUNG *Music-seller.*
2. MR. CASTLE, OF
MESSRS. DALZIEL &
Co. *Merchant.*
3. S. CLARK *Civil Surgeon.*
4. A. COCKS *Civil Service.*
5. H. HARINGTON . . . *E. T. Department.*
6. HINDE *Railway.*
7. MARSH }
8. OLIVANT } *Cadets.*
9. SAUNDERS }
10. TANDY } *Planters.*

Our numbers being thus reduced to ten, it was considered expedient to take up a stronger position, capable in some degree of defence against a mob.

This was the compound of an indigo planter, at a place called Mudroc, about seven miles from the town of Coel on one side, and the same distance from Sasnee on the other. From this point we were in the habit of visiting the towns, and keeping a sharp look-out after the Gwalior troops at Sasnee and Hattras, who were daily expected to mutiny; and so passed the weary month of June, the monotony of our existence being occasionally broken by the arrival of a cossid from Lucknow, Futtugurh, or Mynpoorie, giving details of a fresh mutiny, and sometimes of a party of native troops who had escaped from their mutinous brethren and reported the murder of their officers.

We daily felt that our position was getting less tenable. A jahad had been preached at the mosque at Coel. The Gwalior troops had positively refused to

obey their officers, and several messengers reported that the whole population of Mahomedans and Budmashes (loose characters) of the town were in daily communication with the Gwalior troops, the object being to surround Mudroc, and annihilate our little party. June 30, at 3 p.m., while at dinner, we heard the buzz of an enraged populace. Some tom-toms (drums) were beating, flags flying, and the country swarming with men in white clothes—each Government chowkee in a blaze added to the excitement of the scene.

Scarcely a word was spoken but each seemed to understand his neighbour's thoughts, saddled his horse, and drew his sword. We rode forth, the gallant Watson at our head. On reaching the road, we were met by a salute from a hundred matchlocks; a hundred more were aimed, but missed fire, owing to the damp state of the atmosphere. "Charge!" was the order, and well was it obeyed. Stirrup to stirrup, and man to man, we dashed

through the mass of cowards, scattering them like so many sheep, and not stopping till some fifteen corpses remained as trophies of our victory. Watson was wounded, as was his horse, and two or three got contusions.

When we charged, I believe no one expected to have come back alive ; and when darkness compelled our return, it was with feelings of intense satisfaction and thankfulness that we finished our repast, and talked over our escapes and adventures.

* * * * *

I have, etc.,

(Signed) A. COCKS,
Special Commissioner.

NOTES.

¹ Page 36. The guitar songs, and those for the piano and harmonium, by S. E. S. C., are published by Messrs. Reid Brothers, 436, Oxford Street, London.

² Page 49. The engravings in this book are from photographs taken by Stewart Clark in 1868. The frontispiece shows him in his Cutcherry with his head baboo, who lived to the age of 100. The other figure-piece shows him with his moonshee. The views are Charlton Lodge, Stewart Clark's house at Nynee Tal, thirty years ago; Nynee Tal, with dobee at work; and in camp during cold weather.

³ Page 112. The Honourable Rose Aylmer was one of Landor's numerous loves. She went out to Calcutta to stay with her aunt, Lady Russell. The Honourable Rose Aylmer was very beautiful and accomplished, but she died from cholera at the early age of twenty, in the year 1800.

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